



THE  
P U P I L  
OF  
P L E A S U R E.



VOL. I.

THE  
P U B L I C  
OF  
P L E B E U R E





245 £2

THE  
PUPIL OF PLEASURE:

OR,  
The New System Illustrated.

INSCRIBED  
To Mrs. EUGENIA STANHOPE,  
EDITOR OF  
LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.

By COURTNEY MELMOTH. *procur. K*

*Pratt*  
Versatile ingenium.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N,  
Printed for G. ROBINSON, and J. BEW,  
in Pater-Noster-Row.

1776.

THE  
ART OF PLASURE

OF

The New System Illustrated

IN

TO MR. LUCASIA SENNHOPE

EDITOR OF

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS

BY CURTIS WELLS



Vol. 1

Vol. 1

LONDON

Printed by J. B. [illegible]

in [illegible]

1811



P R E F A C E.

**S**INCE the first publication of the late Earl of CHESTERFIELD'S Letters, to the present time, the arrows of Censure have been levelled at the doctrine they inculcate, from every quarter: the wit hath had his joke, the versifier his parody, the moralist his opposing sentiment, and the di-

A

vine

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vine his grave dissertation. Very ingenious men have taken the pen in hand to confront his Lordship: his Graces have been smartly ridiculed; his etiquette humorously exposed; and Mr. HUNTER, with an elegance and profundity far beyond the rest of his remarkers, hath penetrated into the very bottom of his maxims, traversed him through every double, and examined his whole system with an analytical acuteness.

It is matter of real amazement that amongst all those who have expressed themselves loudly and diametrically against the doctrine of  
Lord



P R E F A C E.      vii

Lord CHESTERFIELD's correspondence, none should have yet thought of the only method that was most likely to manifest their tendency. The general stigma upon these Letters has been, that they are calculated to recommend deceit, and to conceal the most destructive hypocrisy, under the smiling aspect, plausible exterior, fair-seeming sentiments, and a complacent flexibility.

In an age of voluptuousness, it is most obvious to apprehension, that maxims, like these, would have most weight with the young and dissipated. The man of fashion



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would find them so consistent with his plan of security, that there would be little doubt but he would adopt them; and the man of expedient and broken fortunes would as eagerly catch at a mode of conduct which, without either danger of his neck, or character, might repair his purse, promote his pleasures, and save him from a thousand shocks that poverty is heir to.

The essence of my Lord CHESTERFIELD's system seems to be neither more nor less than this: Secure yourself from being blasted, as he terms it, and do whatever  
you

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you think proper : whatever fancy, passion, whim, or wickedness, suggest, only command your countenance, check your temper, and throw before your heart and bosom the shield of Diffimulation, and snatch it---seize it---enjoy it.

In regard to women—never surely issued from the press a collection of hints so capable of being turned to their destruction : and the sex ought to be more alarmed at this publication (which, however, one of their own sex has ushered into the world) than at any thing that ever was pointed at their peace of mind, or purity of character.

x P R E F A C E.

How, then, hath it happened, that no person hath yet put the volumes of the Earl of CHESTERFIELD into the hand of a hero, who, with a natural aptitude to enjoy every thing within his observation, might increase his felicity very considerably, by the assistance of sentiments so admirably suited to multiply mischief, and to ensure his victory over that simplicity, that beauty, and that softness, which, would, thence, be, so much the more easily, *thrown off their guard.*

As nothing of this kind, however, has appeared, I have ventured  
to

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to present to the public, the adventures of a man of birth, rank, figure, and character, ardent in the pursuit of pleasures, and much delighted *with*, and attracted *by*, the theory of Lord CHESTERFIELD. He purchases the books, finds them agreeable to his palate, studies them paragraph by paragraph, thrives under his application, piques himself upon his progress; and in the end, a master of his science, invokes the genius of his noble preceptor, puts money in his purse, the inestimable volumes in his portmanteau, and sallies into the gay world, armed at all points, the PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

Every



Every ingenious precept laid down by the noble Lord, this high-bred young gentleman reduces to practice, who, taking the summer before him, makes his attacks at a place of fashionable resort; where (fixing with commendable and pre-instructed acuteness upon proper objects) he begins to exemplify, and is as successful as the politest casuist could possibly wish.

In the course of this historical illustration--this biographical commentary on the text of CHESTERFIELD--ample scope has been allowed for the display of various characters, and particularly such as  
more

P R E F A C E.      xiii

more immediately promoted the main design of the work, which is, to shew the aggravated evils in society arising from the practice of such *perniciously-pleasing precepts*.

To this end, I have made great use of the noble Lord's maxims, rules, and admonitions, upon various subjects. The incidents, it is conceived, arise, naturally, out of the principles that produce them; the contrast in the characters, especially of HOMESPUN, SEDLEY, THORNTON, Lieutenant VERNON, and Sir HENRY DELMORE, I have endeavoured to render eminent and  
conspicuous,

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conspicuous; and altho', some may think, the catastrophe and a few of the circumstances, carried too far into the pathetic, yet, I am persuaded, those who weigh deeply the *precepts* of Lord CHESTERFIELD, will agree with me in thinking, that, if pushed into *practice* by an adventurer, like that which his Lordship *would* have formed out of Mr. STANHOPE, similar or even greater sorrows, and vices, would invade the community. In short, this history is calculated strongly to prove the truth of Lord CHESTERFIELD'S *own* observation, namely;  
" That the adoption of Vice is  
likely

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likely to ruin ten times more young men, than natural inclination.”

I am apt to think Mr. STANHOPE's reputed want of *ability* made him die an honest, though an undistinguished man: perhaps, if he had had *Ton* enough to follow the advice of his father, and entered into all the *elevated connexions* recommended to him, he had fallen, like the hero of this history, equally celebrated, dazzling, and diabolical.

THE



likely to turn ten times more young  
men, than natural inclination.

I am apt to think Mr. Stan-  
ford's reputed want of ability made  
him die as honestly, though an un-  
distinguished man; perhaps, if he  
had had ten enough to follow the  
advice of his father, and entered  
into all the devotedness re-  
commended to him, he had fallen  
like the hero of this history, equally  
celebrated, dashing, and disinterested.

THE

THE  
PUPIL OF PLEASURE,  
&c.

LETTER I.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

*Buxton.*

THE whirl of wheels, a fine flow of spirits, the elysium of expectation, and the vigour of fresh horses at every stage, brought me, in less than twenty hours, from Cavendish-square to the place of date. Having no unnecessary luggage

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to

## 2 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

to retard me, no trifling petit maitre, who, at two miles distance from the shifting-place, drives back for his gloves, his cane, his snuff-box, or his white handkerchief; I rolled, THORNTON, on the springs of expedition; and I sit down, unsubdued by fatigue, to tell thee of my safety.

Richardson's a child, his Grandison is a monster, his Lovelace a bungler:—since the days of Adam, Nature hath produced but *one man of pleasure*; and that wonder was reserved to adorn the age before us.

Oh, CHESTERFIELD! CHESTERFIELD!  
*thou*, only thou, knewest the *science* of joy;  
thou only hadst the skill to cover the ruggednesses of life with roses, that bloom from being pressed. Deign then, immortal shade! to look with a gentle eye upon thy pupil; teach me to emulate  
thy

THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 3

thy genius, to practise thy precepts, to hit, with a felicity like thine, the true spirit of dissimulation----soften my features to the blandishments of delight-- attune my tongue to the thrillings of persuasion----enrich my sentiments with so versatile a ductility, that I may obey the occasions of the minute----endue me with perseverance of soul, and condescend to guide me (with all thy attendant graces, assiduities, and elegant attentions,) into the bosom of voluptuousness, my Friend, my Mentor, my Genius, and my God!

THORNTON, I am inspired! the rhapsody of my invocation is throbbing already at my heart---it is working its way to the very marrow in the bones. The divine Letters of our Earl are this instant brought in by the postilion, who is unconscious of the treasure with which he is freighted; and I dare not proceed till I

B 2

have



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have unlocked my hoard, and, with a more than Persian prostration, paid to the maxims by which I am to be conducted the incense of my idolatry.

Adieu, adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER

LETTER II.

*Mr. THORNTON to Mr. SEDLEY.*

**T**AKE care: it is easier to advise than to act. I wish you joy of your system, which I approve: let it not, however, appear to be *imitation*; and the deities of bliss throw objects in your way!

Farewel.

JAMES THORNTON.

P. S.

Be explicit in your letters.

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LETTER III.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

DULL THORNTON!---circum-  
spect citizen! at what art thou alarmed,  
and "why is thy spirit troubled within  
thee?" How canst thou entertain so  
contemptible a notion of thy SEDLEY?  
*Imitation!* Curse thee for the thought.  
Hast thou, in the course of seven enter-  
prizing years, ever known me stoop from  
the originality of *self* to the slavery of  
another? 'Tis true, I admire the Lord  
of CHESTERFIELD: his epistles are, in  
the reading hour, always in my hand;  
at night they repose behind my pillow,  
and they at present constitute all my tra-  
velling library. But I scorn to be fet-  
tered,

## THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 7

tered, either in body or soul. The liberty of the *understanding* is as dear to me as the liberty of the *person*; and I have too much pride, too much dignity, to become a plagiary. No, THORNTON, the Earl is, as it were, my tutor; his sentiments are such as I have long felt, but such as, till now, I was cautious of *avowing*. Hitherto I have been restrained in my actions, and lost half the joy of voluptuousness, because, forsooth, nobody had either reputation or ingenuity enough to keep me in countenance. I swam the stream of pleasure, but was always afraid of going out of my depth. For the herd of men are contented to be libertines in the ordinary shallow way, and, before the appearance of these *enchanted Letters*, we wanted the imprimatur of a man of celebrity, to give credit to the efforts of an enterprising spirit. But *now* the impediment is removed,----the avenue is



## 8 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

opened, and the prospect of pleasure is palpable. The repository of STANHOPE, the cabinet of CHESTERFIELD, the Earl's arcanum, are all disclosed :---EUGENIA--- bear, bear the name, ye rosy-winged deities of joy, in gratitude to heaven!---EUGENIA has given to mankind the invaluable remains of her father, and in that present --(Oh, THORNTON, echo EUGENIA!--)--- hath discovered, to every elegant character, fresh roads to the temple of felicity, and virgin, untasted resources of personal ecstasy.

My design then, is to indulge my principles, by improving upon those maxims which his elegant pen hath made *fashionable*. Let others content themselves with the *vulgar* happiness of yielding beauty, entrapt simplicity, and the mere defloration of female youth,---I cannot be circumscribed by such common, *animal* sensations :

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fations :---give me delicacy, give me difficulty, give me refinement,---give me innovation,---or take from me existence.

“ To beat the beaten track,---to taste the tasted,”----Oh, shocking !-----insupportable ! I am above it. I scorn it.

In a word then, THORNTON, what our GARRICK is to SHAKESPEARE, I am resolved to be to CHESTERFIELD,----the living comment upon the dead text. The youth to whom the Earl's Letters were originally addressed, thou knowest, is dead; and it should seem that he wanted *soul* to relish them, had he continued amongst us. Peace to his uncongenial manes ! I claim the inheritance, THORNTON, and desire you will consider *me* as his son, by the adoption of his *sentiment*. Nay, had these veins been filled with the rich stream

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that fed the heart of STANHOPE, I could not have been more like himself.---God forgive me ! but, were it not said that my mother was the Diana of her day, I should suspect she played my father the Alderman false, and that she threw herself into the conquering and accomplished arms of CHESTERFIELD.-----Earth and skies ! Mr. THORNTON, canst thou think I was the product of a plethoric Alderman, and that Alderman a dealer in hops ? ---Bastardize me, dear friend, in pity to my feelings ; and rather than suppose me the offspring of *such* a conjunction, make me the by-blow of some deity in disguise, and let me catch a ray of comfort from illegitimacy.

So much for the introduction to our correspondence. Of preface no more----  
Prepare for immediate action----A face  
passes

## THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 11

passes my window that throws attractions worth pursuing. I press the wafer with my seal, that I may rise to reconnoitre.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

B 6

LET-



## LETTER IV.

*From the Same to the Same.*

THE Earl's absent man has already exhibited himself. He is of the name of HOMESPUN, and is the butt of the bath. His soul is contemplative, and his body pedantic. Never saw I so perpendicular, or thoughtful a figure: a very walking soliloquy; and his wife, or, at least, the beautiful She who hangs upon his arm----O THORNTON! THORNTON! --I have an object before me already, young, elegant, graceful, and (I warmly hope) a *wife*---If she should prove indeed the property of this pedant---if the stars should have thrown a *heap of gold* in my way, my fortune is made.---Soft a little  
 ---my

--my landlord enters--his eye looks communication--there is intelligence in every feature. I am positive he will prove the *Daily Advertiser* of the bath.

Pray, Mr.-----I forget your name--  
Mr.-----Wyngood is my name, Sir.-----  
Pray, Mr. Wyngood, what fine young lady is that now walking with the straight, well-made gentleman in raven-grey?

She is wife to the gentleman, Sir; and his name is Mr. HORACE HOMES-PUN, a minister come to bathe for the *Dissenters* disorder. There's a *vast* deal of company, Sir, in town, and I think you are very lucky in taking my lodgings. I have got the best lodgings in all Buxton, and some of the best people in them at this moment. Why now, Sir, you would not think it, but I can shew you such things as will surprize you.-----Here  
he

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he set off, and I followed him into a bed-chamber, where, without any ceremony, opening the drawers of his lodgers, he took out a riding-hat, with a blue feather and a spangled button. " Lookee, Sir, did you ever see the like? Then here is filks upon fattins, and fattins upon filks; and they're the *kindest* people in the world. They live as cheap as possible. Why I don't suppose, one day with another, they spend a guinea; they pay only eight-pence a-piece for breakfast, a shilling a-piece for dinner, eight-pence for tea in the afternoon, a shilling each for supper, and fourteen shillings for lodging; besides washing, coals, candles, and wines,---a *mere nothing*, as I may say, for a watering-place. I presume, Sir, you would chuse to join them, and live in the same manner. I see you are a very worthy gentleman, and I will go mention you under the name of --- pray, what name must I say, Sir?

—But

— But no matter ; I will tell Mr. HOMESPUN that a new lodger wishes to do as he does. Sir, your servant ; I will be with you again presently.

The fellow had it all his own way, THORNTON. I interrupted him not, and am this very night to sup with master minister HOMESPUN. I have walked down to the well, and drank a glass at this Helicon of health. I was in this ramble the man of fashion, just stepped out of the chaise, and elegantly disordered in my dress---my hair was tied with negligence, my curls loose and in the *ton* of confusion, and my frock discovered a genteel shape and the cut of a good taylor. A miscellaneous group were passing away the intermediate hours betwixt tea-time and supper : the lame and the lazy, the merry and the mortified, were all upon the faunter : HOMESPUN was fondly ruminating  
with



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with his angelic consort in the shade ; and *something* that had the appearance of a fop—I mean of the common kind—was, saying smart things to a pretty well-woman.

Nothing, however, could induce me to stay a moment at this dull place, but the *practice* of *precepts* which will convert all places into a paradise, and make even a *watering-place* delicious.—I am summoned by the supper-bell.—Mrs. HOMESPUN—Oh, what a name for such a creature!--is tripping it towards the sound, and HOMESPUN himself seems to forget his primitive uprightness of back, and steps briskly forward.

Farewel,

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

*From the Same to the Same.*

CHESTERFIELD is right: attention annihilates learning, and carries away all before it. I am in the road to rapture. I have time only to give you the *hint*. Another opportunity of *being assiduous* offers itself: the moment must not be lost.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER

## LETTER VI.

*From the Same to the Same.*

**I** IMPROVE every hour—Oh! why did not the Earl sanctify the paths of dissimulation, that I might have lived to pleasure many years ago! It is now only that I *begin* to live. I have had, my dear THORNTON, in the course of a few hours, a conquest superior to ALEXANDER'S. I have made an *ordinary* coxcomb *pleased with himself*, and yet discarded by his mistress. I have seen a learned husband detestible in the eyes of his wife for the *first time*; and I find him enraptured with the *very man* by whom he is made ridiculous: and all this from the practice of a single precept—*Study to please*.

I will

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I will go through every sentiment in the Earl's correspondence before I quit Buxton: all the books in all the languages are barren and deserve to be burnt, but the epistles of my STANHOPE. But ---stop---I heard Mrs. HOMESPUN express her aversion to cheese; and (though I *like it myself*) I must hasten to order it may never appear again to offend her. Nothing is immaterial that *pleases*.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER



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LETTER VII.

THORNTON to SEDLEY.

**T**HOU mightst as well send folded to me a sheet of white paper. Thou writest much, without saying any thing. Thy heart is engaged in the ardour of some pursuit, and thy pen denotes agitation, bustle, and contrivance; but thou speakest, only generally. I prithee, SEDLEY, reduce thy extravagant genius into order, and let me understand, by the post, the meaning of sentiments I perceive not at present the drift of. If any-thing starts that demands assistance, or if thou meetest more adventure than thou canst thyself manage, tell me so, and I will order my horse to the door, and go snacks in your enterprizes. Farewel.

JAMES THORNTON.

LETTER

LET-

LETTER VIII.

*From the Reverend HORACE HOMESPUN  
to Doctor DIGGORY.*

Dear Sir,

**Y**ou remember, I presume, the jaunt I took in the last year to SOUTHAMPTON, the particulars of which, at the request of some friends, I suffered to be printed in the WESTMINSTER MAGAZINE, in two several letters addressed to the publisher, Mr. THOMAS WRIGHT, of Effex-street, in the Strand, London. I there told you, that I was not quite so highly interested in, or entertained by, the scenes in a hurry before me, as my *then* patron, the Baronet, would flatter my imagination

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imagination with upon the road ; and (as I find those letters from the Westminster Magazine were reprinted into various *other* monthly publications) I have reason to suppose my excursion afforded some amusement to a certain set of readers.

But, having since then been yoked to a damsel who hath a passion for these watering-places, and who (bringing along with her a decent fortune) has a right to indulge herself in such amusements as seem best unto her, I have a *second* opportunity to survey the customs and manners of water-drinkers and duckers ; and can now give you many curious particulars by way of supplement to the accounts I have already published.

As my present cure is situated about thirty-seven post miles and a quarter from the waters of Buxton, amidst the wonders

ders of the Peake, Mrs. HOMESPUN chose to pass a week at that place, for the benefit of a pain in the ankle, which became grievous about six minutes before she suggested to me the necessity of such an excursion.

That the cure of her ankle might be perfectly completed, I contrived it so, as to persuade the curate of a neighbouring parish to do duty at home in my absence, and resolved to stay a fortnight. Of this fortnight only four days are yet expired; and though I never underwent the same degree of parade, of fatigue, and of impertinence, in any former fourteen years of my life,—not even when I preached thrice in the Sunday, and footed it to two of the cures,—yet HARRIET seems so happy in *doing as others do*, and finds such real felicity in the dullest spot I ever beheld, that I am in doubt whether even  
the



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the long residue of the fortnight will satisfy her, so as to return home, to peace, privacy, and the parsonage-house, without murmurings and repinings.

Oh ! Doctor, see the outlines of my situation, and pity me. I am amongst a number of both sexes whose pleasures are my aversions, and whose amusements I cannot relish. I love quietness and the shade of life, and yet the house where I now lodge is as public as an inn at a fair. I admire rural ornaments, and scenes of summer verdure beyond imagination ; and yet the mountains of Arabia Deserta exhibit not a prospect so barren as that by which Buxton is bounded. I love to stroll into the shop of an intelligent bookseller, and to converse with him upon the topic of recent publications ;---alas ! the bookseller of Buxton has nothing in his shop but the trash that circulates at a watering-

watering-place amongst the women. I ran my eye over his catalogue, and never did I see such a collection : Clelia, Pamela, the Adventures of Cleopatra, Amusements at the German Spa, and the History of an Actress, were the best, in this bad bundle.

I mentioned the Reviews---no body called for *them*. I talked of the Magazines---none were ordered. I rummaged every row for *philosophy*---nobody reads philosophy at a watering-place. I criticised the shelves for *morals*, but found them not. I ventured to ask, but with some little hesitation, for Secker's Lectures---the bookseller never heard of them. I took a turn round the shop, and (having forgot to bring any books with me) would have taken up with almost any-thing *approaching* to the rational, but, in my progress, I had well-nigh overset a glass-case

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of toothpicks, gold huffives, embroidered pincushions, and embossed snuff-boxes.

And now it appeared, that this harlequin trader was rather a haberdasher, than a bookseller.

On casting my eyes towards a person at the other end of the shop, I saw her bending wire, to form, what is facetiously called, a cap : over this person's head was a goodly show of handboxes ; and across the window at which she sat, were ribbons variously twisted, and several specimens of her skill in decorating that part of the body which is *now* more ridiculous than any other. Seeing such preparations for the *outside* of the head, I gave up the idea of finding any *internal* furniture ; and, walking out of the shop, asked pardon for having so grossly mistaken a milliner's and toyman's, for a vender of matters in the

the literary way.——Just as I got to the door, a party of mighty pretty women, and my wife amongst the rest, (for *she* already knew every body,) came rustling into the shop, and in a lisping tone, attuned to the articulation of a watering-place, desired the haberdashery-millinery bookseller to look for JULIA MANDEVILLE — Julia Mandeville was not to be had. Then let us have SIDNEY BIDDULPH, said the ladies ---- Sidney Biddulph was out. I'm for, THE MISTAKES OF THE HEART, cried a very grave-looking woman. I wish, my dear, (said my wife to me, with a very well-bred civility, taking less notice of me than usual,) you had brought JOSEPH ANDREWS along with you ---- Oh la! Ma'am, replied another, how can you possibly read such *low* stuff—the adventures of a footman, a kitchen wench, and a strolling parson---Nay, Madam, said HARRIET, don't say any-thing against



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the parsons, pray ; remember I'm a clergyman's wife, and there he stands-- -an ABRAHAM ADAMS every inch of him---- a'n't you, my dear ?

This was too much ; I attempted to go, but HARRIET caught me by the coat. The poor ladies were in great anxiety to find THE MISTAKES OF THE HEART had been carried off last season, by a person who took the road to GRETNA GREEN with her footman, in her way to London ; though some (said the haberdasher archly) may think *that* was going a round-about way too. If we can't get THE MISTAKES, suppose, rejoined the ladies, we make shift, till we can have something *better*, with TOM JONES--Aye, TOM JONES is tolerable enough, (said a pale lady,) if he would but say more about SOPHIA, and give us less nonsense about the old vulgar father, the  
fussy

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fussy aunt, and those unentertaining horrid creatures, THWACKUM and SQUARE. As to his Introductory Chapters, as he calls them, I always skip 'em; and yet, if he was a little plainer in telling us what we were to expect, at the top of his chapters, I really think it would be a *goodish, prettyish* sort of a novel. — Tom Jones, it seems, was now in reading by Lady Sallow's coachman. — The haberdasher recommended FILIAL PIETY — the ladies were satisfied that it was a dull, serious, sermonizing thing, from the title. FILIAL PIETY indeed! — send it to Miss Dorothy Desolate, who is come to dip for the dismals; or Lady Bab. Bluebutter, who wants to drink away her frog-freckled complexion. — Ha! ha! ha! he! he! he. —

The laugh was now more violent than the wit was brilliant by which it was oc-

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casioned, and my dear HARRIET, joined in it most cordially.—They were about to depart without any books at all, when the haberdasher mentioned some odd volumes of the Spectator. They asked what he meant by talking about such old things, which they had been *obliged* to read over and over again when they were at their boarding-schools. Lord! (cried one of the damsels,) here's DELICATE EMBARRASSMENTS---Oh! the very thing---worth all the Spectators that ever were *wrote*. Aye, take it, and let us go read it directly---It don't *end well* I think, objected another; I had rather read EACH SEX IN THEIR HUMOUR.—Here is *Something New*, ladies, said the haberdasher—As old as the poles, said the fair-ones.—What say you to ELOISA?—Oh! by all means—Have you got ELOISA?—reach it this moment---Oh, the dear book!--there are *three* letters in the first volume worth all the

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the world.---Come, it's a nasty evening and not fit for walking, let us hurry away ; and so fend them, Mr TRASHLEY, to *the Hall* this instant. Come, Mr. HOMESPUN, (turning to me,) you shall 'squire us.

They fluttered out, caught me by the arm, and carried me off in high triumph, ten times faster than I should have walked, had I been permitted to do as I thought proper. But that is a matter by no means allowable, at a watering-place. Even now I am summoned by a messenger, who says *the party* are waiting for me, to go into the walks. I dare not stay to finish my letter, lest I should become *ridiculous* ; so you must wait till I can next steal a moment *from folly for friendship*.

I am, dear Doctor,

Your most humble servant,

HORACE HOMESPUN.



LETTER IX.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

**O**H! for the genius of old HORATIUS FLACCUS, that I might compress a volume of facts within the foldings of a single sheet of paper! Hear, see, be convinced, congratulate me, and sing a *Te Deum* to thy friend, and a requiem to the immortal memory of STANHOPE.

The party, of which I was made one, consisted of master minister HOMESPUN, his lady, an animal who burlesqued the coxcomb, and a fourth who departed before the entrance of supper, so that of him I shall say nothing at present.— HOMESPUN and his wife are opposites,  
and

## THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 33

and therefore the better suited to the trial of skill. At first I said no more than just to shew my breeding, and inclination to be happy in their society. I let them shew off *themselves* as much as possible, that I might accurately learn their tempers, before I ventured to attack them. HOMESPUN soon discovered himself to be a grubber in books; and his lady, a lover of the fashions; gay, giddy, good-natured, unsuspicious, and uninformed. The coxcomb was of the neutral kind, but wished to be flattered, for his taste in personal ornaments. Never was there a more curious trio. The conversation turned at first upon weather, then upon books, then upon dress, and last upon the virtue of the Buxton waters; and I accommodated myself to the several changes with tolerable facility.

And, first, to touch the tender part of

### 34 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

our bookworm, I observed that the public sustained a great loss in the death of several ornaments of the age. I spoke critically, as to the satiric powers of CHARLES CHURCHILL; and poetically, as to the Pindaric flights of GRAY. I entered into the intricacies of the epic, and drew the line betwixt the original HOMER and the imitator VIRGIL. I spoke of ease, in the style of TILLOTSON; and of the pathetic, in the periods of YORICK. I affected even to discountenance the innuendo of TRISTRAM SHANDY, and I compared his licentious spirit with the voluptuous OVID. I pretended to discover an ostentatious display of talents in the Orations and Epistles of CICERO; and I took care to suit every opinion to the taste of the person I addressed, who had his share in the conversation too, and who (as I have since heard) mentions me to his friends as a paragon of learning.

I must

I must not forget to tell thee, that, when I was talking upon books, and mentioned the *ELEMENTS OF CRITICISM*, Mrs. HOMESPUN (though no simpleton) asked me, with great simplicity, if that was a *novel*; to which the fop answered *Yes*, it came out last year, and was written by an intimate friend of his, but that, though *he* pushed it with all his interest, it did not *take*, and was now totally buried in oblivion.

I contradicted this with all possible politeness---*I imagined he might be mistaken*: that work, *I believed*, was attributed to LORD KAMES---a writer, with whom I did *not doubt* but he was acquainted. Possibly he might confound the title a little, with others similar to it; which might very easily be done. I had caught *myself* in such errors a thousand times. Mr. HOMESPUN chuckled at my candour.



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Mrs. HOMESPUN (I know by her eyes) said something to her husband, in a low voice, in my favour; and the fop himself, with a finite of complacence, but without any confusion at detected ignorance, (---such, THORNTON, is the force of *manner*!---) said, it was very likely he might be misled by the title; that there were three or four *elements*, and he was most superlatively obliged to me for setting him right.

Upon the topic of dress, I took care to agree with Mrs. HOMESPUN in every particular; except that, now and then, I affected, in a gentle tone of voice, and submissive smile of countenance, to differ from her, on purpose to throw the triumph on *her* side, make her happy in an ideal superiority, the better to impress her with a proper notion of my good manners, in yielding to conviction.

The

## THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 37

The fop hopped out about twelve o'clock, and took me by the hand in token of satisfaction. Honest HORACE (that is his Christian name) considers me as his comforter, and declares that he hopes for some happiness now, even in a watering-place; and Mrs. HOMESPUN, or, as I shall call her hereafter, (to use as little as possible that vulgar name,) HARRIET, makes no scruple of saying, I am the most chatty, agreeable man at the bath.

I caught her, THORNTON, twice measuring me from top to bottom, and then she gave HORACE a survey.---By the soft, half-suppressed sigh she gave at the end of it, it is easy to see—whose dimensions she likes best.

Oh! THORNTON, if I can once bring her to be discontented with her situation,  
---if

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---if she once begins to repent of her bargain, the day is my own ! I never saw a pair of eyes more likely to fall in love than hers. The eyes of HORACE are grey, and without lustre. She hath the right lips of invitation : the vulgar HORACE smackt them at something she said, but methinks the impresson was only *skin-deep*. She is in full health, and in the hey-day of female youth !

Oh, THORNTON ! THORNTON ! pray earnestly, that she may be miserable, and that the despair of her heart may be removed, only by thy friend

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER

LETTER X.

THORNTON to SEDLEY.

**H**ORACE HOMESPUN will, I perceive, have, in due time, a horn upon his head ; and yet I feel a pang for the poor pedant.----Hang it, SEDLEY, why shouldst thou pluck the rose from the matrimonial pillow ? Why plant a thorn in its stead ?----But---but---I beg pardon : 'twas a tug of conscience. I am ashamed of the sensation. I half blush at the impoliteness. Go on, and prosper. I am all expectation till I hear of the downfall of the bewitching HARRIET.

Farewel.

JAMES THORNTON.

LET.



## LETTER XI.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

THE horrors of the gout, and the tremblings of the palsy, seize thee, for throwing a thought across me, that hath well nigh torn a leaf of CHESTERFIELD from my heart!--The matrimonial rose!--Oh, thou barbarian! Wouldst thou ruin my principles, and have me act in repugnance to my preceptor already!--Infidel, avaunt! My creed is established. Dare not,--on thy life, THORNTON, dare not again attempt to make me an apostate to PLEASURE. Half-bred man, be silent and attentive. I have a scene to paint to thee might thaw the frigid feelings of an Anchorite.

About

About one o'clock in the morning, the eyes of HORACE began to twinkle,---what was before dull became duller, till at last the four eye-lashes met together, and covered the balls of sight. HARRIET continued loquacious and lively, and resolved not to go to bed till it was a more *modish* hour, insisting, that I should keep her company. I humoured her vivacity till HORACE began to snore, and then shifted the conversation to something less spirited.

*Sentiment*, THORNTON, when enforced at a proper crisis, is a better weapon for a man of pleasure, than downright *licentiousness*. I began to sing forth the happiness of Mr. HOMESPUN; said many things in praise of his learning, honesty, and hospitable turn of thinking---told a tale of disappointed passion---descanted on the difficulties often attending reciprocal attractions---

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attractions---placed two young people in several affecting situations. I altered the tone of my voice, and suited it to the stillness of the night---sighed in whisper---corrected myself---called a tear into my eye---assumed a softened flexibility of feature---and, now and then, took my eye from viewing her, as if sensibly struck with my danger.

Part of the flowers with which she had been some time playing, fell on the floor.--I took them up with a trembling hand, and put them into hers, with a pressure scarcely perceptible. There was a sudden blush over her face in a moment. I took no notice of it; but, catching up a myrtle-sprig, kept it sportingly as if to conceal a new sigh---presented it to her as the fittest on the table, and rose to take my leave.

It

## THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 43

It was the exact moment of departure. She was visibly agitated, and I would not see it. She took the sprig, and I saw the leaves shake. I went softly to the door, left with her the compliments of the night, in a gentleness of the tones perfectly pathetic---lingered at the door a moment---complained that I could not open it hastily for fear of disturbing her husband---at last, I *almost* shut it---half opened it again---stood the third of a minute, in a finely-dissembled state of embarrassment---once more bade her farewell, and indeed departed,

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER



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### LETTER XII.

*From the Same to the Same.*

A POST-CHAISE and four this instant stopt at the door of mine host, in which were three new visitants. The fore-glass was let down by a female hand, so exquisitely white, and so full of promise, that I was induced to examine the other parts of the person to which it belonged.

THORNTON, she is a cherubim! a mixture of beauty and breeding!

As she stepped from the chaise, she discovered an ankle formed by Harmony, and polished

THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 45

polished by the Graces. Her shape is admirable. I only scribble this to announce her arrival at the bath. Thou knowest the rest.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER

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LETTER XIII.

THORNTON to SEDLEY.

**T**HY letter is just brought me by the postman. A cursed circumstance, that requires my attendance in town till next Wednesday, prevents my present happiness. But my horse shall be at the door at Thursday's dawn ; and I will order relays, by which means I shall reach Buxton at dinner. Take care of the Cherubim for thy friend,

Farewel.

JAMES THORNTON.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

ORDER not thy horse to be bitted---put not thy presumptuous foot in the stirrup. Invade not the sacred prospects of a friend's felicity. There are only two forms in Buxton *worth* undoing---HARRIET HOMESPUN, and the Cherubim! --- Sit quiet, and saddle not thy steed, if thou wishest the continued affection of thy

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER



## LETTER XV.

*Miss DELIA DELMORE, to Lady LUCY  
SAXBY.*

THE journey has already had a good effect, my dear Lucy, upon poor FANNY. We travelled by easy stages, and I hope *much* from the alteration of air, even if the waters should want virtue to restore her. The poor thing has been to all the baths in the kingdom, you know, except those of Buxton. Alas! I fear her disorder has got too near her heart for medicine; and the God that afflicts, can only, I believe, remove the affliction. Never was known so gradual a decline, and yet no application could stop its progress.—What a pity, Lucy, that

## THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 49

that such a form should be daily decaying, before the eyes of the most tender relations! Company, conversation, the simplicity of her diet, the wholesomeness of the situation, are all that can be expected from a short residence here, as the waters of Buxton are not strongly recommended in consumptive complaints. She is always best in society, and I am happy to tell you, the place is tolerably full. Her poor fond husband hangs over her fading form, with more tenderness than when it was in its bloom. Pray Heaven these assiduities may prove successful! I will write again soon.

DELIA DELMORE.

VOL. I.

D

LET.

## LETTER XVI.

*Miss DELIA DELMORE, in Continuation.*

**S**OFTNESS to the sick is better than a cordial! FANNY ventured yesterday to breakfast in public: her delicate form, beautiful in distress, instantly attracted, and *claimed*, what it *received*,—the attention of the whole company. She was dressed with her usual simplicity, and suited her ornaments to her situation. In my life, I never saw any body, in the luxuriance of health, half so interesting. After the first dish of tea, the flush, which was formerly a constant resident, revisited her cheek---the disorder has not, in any degree, tinged her complexion---her forehead is, as it ever was, alabaster white; and

the

## THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 51

the veins, that meander round the temples, are so transparently blue, and the circulation seems to be performed so pacifically, one might almost envy the delicacy, which a cruel disorder hath bestowed upon her. In the eyes of several young ladies, who, by their florid appearance, came hither merely for amusement, I saw the glistening drop of sympathy---and the men, who were laughing at our entrance, soon softened their voices, and spoke almost in a whisper, in compliment to the lovely invalid, who appeared to *want* such attention.

FANNY was sensible to their indulgence, and smiled acknowledgment. At last, in came a stranger, elegant and easy beyond description.----*How*, my Lucy, shall I proceed?----FANNY sunk upon my arm, complained that she was worse on a sudden, and rose to go out---the stranger as-



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fisted, with a gentleness not to be described, and she tottered down stairs, under these supports, to her apartment.

I am so affected at present, that I can write no more.

## LETTER

LETTER XVII.

*Mrs. MORTIMER to Miss SIDNEY.*

HEAVEN scarce allows me strength to tell you, that I am come to a place, of all others, in the habitable world, the most miserable to me. In a word, the only person upon earth that I would have *avoided*, is at the bath. God protect me, what *am* I to do! Pity and pray for, the dying

FANNY MORTIMER.

LETTER XVIII.

*The Reverend* HORACE HOMESPUN *to*  
*Doctor* DIGGORY.

Dear Friend,

I REALLY begin to think, I shall find some satisfaction at Buxton bath. Amidst a cluster of insignificant characters, one gentleman has distinguished himself so much above the rest, that I have at once gratified my pride and curiosity in his acquaintance.

He is intimately acquainted with polite and elegant learning, perfectly well mannered, and not above conversing upon subjects.

THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 55

subjects of divinity, and ethics, even at a watering-place. My wife says, he understands to a nicety, what some of the waterers call the ETIQUETTE of dress; and with the arts of a scholar, he has, it seems, the invention and taste of a courtier, without any-thing of courtly insincerity.

In truth, I am apt to think very favourably of him, especially as his exterior does not seem more frank and open, than his interior is ingenuous and undisguised. One such character will atone for the stupidity of the rest. As I am fond of, now and then, what I call a wood-walk, or a ramble by myself, I can now take *this* without a breach of good manners, for I can leave this accomplished gentleman with HARRIET, who is fond enough of his company to accept of him in my absence.



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I am half inclined to forgive watering-places, which have, in the end, after much prior disappointment, produced so agreeable a companion, whose sentiments of life, and maxims of *moral* conduct, do credit to himself, and honour to the species.

I am, dear Doctor,

Your faithful servant,

HORACE HOMESPUN.

LETTER

## LETTER XIX.

*Mrs. HOMESPUN to Mrs. LA MOTT.*

OH, that I could live at Buxton for ever! We have, since I last wrote to you, got acquainted with the handsomest man in the world; and tho' he is as good a scholar as HORACE, yet he understands, as well as I do, all the prettinesses of *dress*, which, you know, HORACE is entirely ignorant of. Then he is so polite, so unaffected, he contradicts with such gentleness—he is so open to conviction!—You know my aversion to filthy *cheese*. I happened only to *hint* this, and he ordered it never to be brought again to the table, while I was at the bath; tho' Mr. HOMESPUN said,

D 5

I ought

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I ought to suffer what was offensive to *myself*, out of good-manners to the *company*.

'Tis hardly worth attending to, and perhaps you'll laugh at my taking *notice* of such a trifle, but he sits in a chair, eats his victuals, cuts it into slices, and holds his knife and fork as different from HORACE as possible, who, you know, sometimes seems so over head and ears in thought, that he forgets the dinner is before him, picks his teeth, and sits silent, till the cloth is ready to be taken away. Then again, as to carving, HORACE can no more do the honours of the table than a baby: he *misses the joint*, and sometimes scatters the sauce in ones face;---whereas *this* gentleman, hits the mark as dexterously as a surgeon, helps the ladies to the greatest delicacies, with such a gentle manner, and with a countenance  
so

so smiling, that it is impossible to refuse what he offers.

At supper last night, HORACE was in one of his thoughtful moods, and disgusted me horridly.

There was a roasted fowl; and HORACE, perceiving my plate empty, must needs fill it with one of the wings, which he made shift to mangle off with the knife with which he had been eating, though another for the purpose was lying on the other side the dish. Then he must needs make my wing swim with the gravy, and, in awkwardly tilting the dish, several drops flew upon the gentleman's waistcoat. Mr. SEDLEY---that is his name---said, it was no matter; it was not easy to help such accidents; and begged he would consider it as of no sort of consequence.—Sweet fellow!---Oh, that Ho-



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RACE would imitate him ! He is now walking towards our lodgings, and HORACE flouching by the side of him. HORACE is upright enough, but then he looks as stiff and uncomfortable as an overstarched shirt.---SEPLEY moves as if he was quite happy : Mr. HOMESPUN struts as if he was in misery. They are both at the door.

Adieu, adieu.

HARRIET HOMESPUN.

LETTER

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LETTER XX.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

THE proverb is verified: It cannot rain, but it pours! The Cherubim I mentioned to thee in my last, is a cherub of an inferior order, when compared with the SERAPH who came with her. She was at *that* time muffled up and close hooded; but when, on the next day, the veil was withdrawn, judge of my surprise, when I beheld the very *She*, the charming *She*, whom last season I met with her father, Sir HENRY DELMORE, at SCARBOROUGH, at the very period, that the letters of my *divine Earl* became popular, and I had brought a copy of them. We lodged in the same house,  
and

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and I became agreeable to Sir HENRY. The very first trial I made to reduce my favourite precepts to practice, was upon the heart of this very girl, then glowing with all the graces of health, and endowed with all the enchantments of a *pathetic* temper. I soon pretended to lose my vivacity, and became the softest son of sentiment that ever was born. The net of filk, which I had diligently woven, became successful; and I had certainly caught in it the fairest prize in the creation, had not a cruel necessity called me from the bath.

Several transient *tete-a-tetes* I had with her there, gave me the opportunities I wished. Her passion was imaginary, but pleasing----she fixed high the standard of domestic felicity, and unreasonably loved to refine.

To

To accommodate myself to *this*, was, at first, not easy; but before I quitted SCARBOROUGH, I was so distinguished for the *penferoso*, that even Sir HENRY himself, began to think I was falling into a hypochondriac disorder, and used every effort to divert me.

Though I was then but a novice in the theory of joy, I had read enough of CHESTERFIELD to know the potency of *disimulation*; and, had it been in my power to have staid *another week*, should have, even *then*, added an illustrious example, to corroborate that glorious precept, which advises “to adapt the character and conversation to the company.”

Since these transactions, she is altered, THORNTON,---altered in every part of her situation: she is married, and in a consumption; and yet, like certain fruits, she



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is delicious in decay. I was pleased to see her disordered at the first interview: the little blood that painted her cheek, disappeared, her knees shook, and her hands trembled at the recollection. And this, too, was in a public breakfasting-room. Judge how her agitation must alarm the company, and operate amongst the women in my favour. Who knows, THORNTON, but the beautiful invalid may have brought herself to this state, upon *my* account? If so, ought not I to pity her?---and ought not *she* to thank the gods, that I again “am come to comfort her?” At all events, you ought to congratulate me, and once again sing *Te Deum*, to the canonized bones of CHESTERFIELD.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LET-

LETTER XXI.

*From the Same to the Same.*

**T**HE HOMESPUNS are secured ;  
I have them by the *heart*, and enjoy, in  
an equal degree, the *confidence* of the wife  
and husband.

HORACE has many *oddities*, of which  
his wife is lately become sensible ; and it  
has been *my* business, to excuse them to  
her. He is addicted to catch hold of  
the button, and, in the ardour of philo-  
sophical and systematic conversation, tugs  
at it most immoderately. Last night, in  
supporting a favourite opinion, which was  
opposed stoutly by the fopling, he seized  
the

## 66 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

the wrought button, and tore his fingers against the raised-work on the surface, till the blood fairly gushed out in a stream, and spotted his fables. The fop swore,---I checked him with *temper*: the parson cooled in his *argument*,---and I applied an handkerchief to the wound, and thus saved them both from *looking silly*.

HORACE's nails are not quite so *accurately clean* as they might be; and, as I observed Mrs. HOMESPUN comparing them with *mine*, I suddenly closed my hand, as if out of tenderness, lest the comparison should turn to HORACE's disadvantage; yet this *very* tenderness, *so managed*, answered the design compleatly, and I can see plainly, HARRIET thinks hardly of HORACE for neglecting to pick the dirt from under his nails: while, on the

## THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 67

the other hand, when he and I are together, we laugh at the fopperies of the times, and seem mutually to despise all its DELICATESSE.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER



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LETTER XXI.

THORNTON to SEDLEY.

**C**ORMORANT in pleasure ! infatuate conqueror ! What, is not one object sufficient at a time ? Must thy bow have seven strings to it ? and Canst thou not be satisfied with the victory thou wilt soon gain over the buxom HARRIET, but thou must plot captivity for the Cherubim, and hope to carry *all* before thee ? This is illustrating thy favourite Lord's maxims with a witness ! And wilt thou not bestow a single beauty to thy friend ? Be this as it may, spare----I conjure thee, spare the delicate distressed----harm not the gentle FANNY ; but suffer *her* to live  
the

THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 69

the short remainder of her days, in the purity of conjugal careffes---spot not the ermine of *expiring chastity*, but let her spirit ascend, immaculate, to heaven.

Do this, if thou art a *man*! The high in *health* may admit, and return thy revels; but pity the *sick* sister, and let not the maxims of thy Preceptor be made subservient to sanctify barbarity. If thou triest to ensnare the sinking soul of FANNY MORTIMER, thou art a fiend, and unworthy the friendship of thy

J. THORNTON.

P. S.

Is it not said, in the volume of thine Oracle, " A man is fit neither for business or pleasure, who either does not,  
or

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or cannot command and direct his attention to the present object, and in some degree banish, for *that* time, all other objects from his thoughts."

How is this admonition consistent with thy scheme of three at a time? Study to be consistent, or all is over.

J. THORNTON.

LETTER

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LETTER XXII.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

**T**HE very worst reasoner in the dominions of GEORGE, is JAMES THORNTON, Esq.

And so, because I have an eye upon *three*, thou supposest I must needs be inconsistent, and irregular! Dost thou not know, that the same Oracle advises, a quickness of attention, an unobserved observation, the art of seeing all the people in the room without appearing to look *critically*? Is there not, according to that Oracle, pretty nearly the same degree of deception in every character; and



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and are we not to turn all this hypocrisy to *our* advantage, even while we *seem* to think every body *honest*?

The great nicety in my present situation, *thou* dost not see; nor will *I* be at the pains to develope it to so awkward an arguer.

What a conclusion hast thou drawn, indeed, from my having *three* objects in view! not considering, that I am as cool and collected as if I had but *one*; and that I have a capacity, equal to the conquest of thirty times three.

Learn to know me better.

I am too well disciplined in my system, to be precipitate, or to hazard the mortification of being disappointed, by  
rashly

rashly seizing that which I perceive can only be attained gradually, by the successful efforts of resistless insinuation.

The Master of my Art says, very truly,—" Little minds are in a hurry, " when the object proves too big for " them: they run, they puzzle, con- " found, and perplex themselves; they " want to do every thing at once, and " never do it at all. But a man of " sense takes the time for doing the thing " he is about, well; and his haste to dis- " patch a business, only appears by the " continuity of his application to it: he " pursues it with a cool steadiness, and " finishes it before he begins any other."

This last sentence, THORNTON, thou mayst think, clashes with my present attack upon the three beauties of BUXTON.

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Thou art *again* mistaken.

I am not in a hurry to be happy, as to the *ultimatum* of female favours. Like a man of resolution, I can watch the progress of a favourite pursuit, and see it prosper under my eye, without seizing the final recompence of my labour, till it is the proper *crisis* of fruition.

To bring these arguments home to the points in question, thou must understand, that, had only HARRIET HOMESPUN been at the bath, I should have been contented till *her finishing* ; but, as the Fates have thrown two *sisters* in my way, of which one happens to be an old acquaintance, but whom accident permitted to slip through my fingers *unconquered*, or, at least, without bestowing upon her victor the *rewards* of conquest, I must suit myself to the triple tie, that chance hath laid

## THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 75

laid upon me, with as much adroitness as I am able. And *this* is the delicacy in my situation, to which, in the beginning of this letter, I alluded.

One great part of my system is, to make people, who are to give *me* happiness, happy in themselves. I must, to this end, take care to avoid making any of these dear creatures *rivals* to each other:---to *boast* of amours, thou knowest, is utterly repugnant to the STANHOPEAN principle. *Press* for the favour, *read* the eyes, *fix* the heart, and revel over the *yielded* person, *ad eternitatem*; but keep the joy to *thyself*; nor ever, with rascal loquacity, betray the infirmity of her, whose indulgence has given thee the first of felicities.

To one friend I have *ventured* to disclose myself in the very confidence of my



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foul. If thou *betrayest* me, though but in the hour of ebriety—it does not admit of an *if*,---thou art a guarded, honourable character.

No more, I prithee, as to plurality of objects.

The CHESTERFIELD system admits not the fearful and filthy intercourse of *venal* women. *He* could not allow the horrid and vulgar hazards of c—s and p—s. “Avoid,” saith he, (in his *coelestial* chapter on Pleasures,) “the fate of the *pro-* “*miscuous* fornicator: what a wretch is a “rake with half a nose, crippled by coarse “and infamous debauches!”

Hence, THORNTON, it is evident, that a man is justified (provided he keeps the secret) to search the circle of the earth for those favours, and elevated connexions, that

## THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 77

that bring along with them the honey without the sting. It is beneath a *gentleman*, to beat round the bagnio's, or criticise the brothel. Leave *such* to the appetites of apprentices, whose vulgar palates can digest any-thing. Be it the business of those who are governed by the *laws of good-breeding*, to enlist themselves under the *white banner of apparent modesty*, and invite embraces, unallayed by terrors and suspicions.

The constitution of a man of fashion, demands, in these cases, the utmost circumspection: the *wife*, the *virgin*, and the FRIEND, only, promise this *blissful security*. To them, then, let us direct ourselves in self-defence, and thus procure the personal paradise, in which the roses of beauty bloom without a *thorn*.

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I have said thus much to silence thee, once for all, as to the nature of my favourite principle ; which thou now perceivest to be, not more pleasing than *rational*. No more, then, of thy whining passages about pity, and virtue, and all the et-cætera of *parsonly* cant.

The man of taste and fashion moves above it.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

*The Reverend* HORACE HOMESPUN *to*  
*Doctor* DIGGORY.

Dear Doctor,

**W**E are all wrong again !

The head of poor HARRIET is certainly turned ; and, instead of a cure being performed, she is certainly distracted, by these same waters of Buxton. This day we drank tea in private, and never heard I such a train of conversation as she fell into. Why, Doctor, she is gone----her intellects I mean----past redemption.



80 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

For the first time in her life, she found fault with every-thing I did. She insisted upon it, I drank my tea *too hot*, which was not only, she said, injurious to the coat of the stomach, but shockingly *indelicate*.

The tea-spoon was not managed to her satisfaction. I sipped too *loud* from the *saucer*, when it would, I find, have been *genteeler* to apply a *silent* lip to the *cup*. Nay, what is worse than all this, I had the misfortune to fold the bread and butter *ineligantly*; and it would have been better there too, if I had put the *end*, rather than the *side* of it, to my mouth first.

But that which most astonished me, was her objection to the 'good old custom of *turning down* my cup, which she said was out of the *ton*, and that it would give

give her great pleasure, if, in future, I would lay the *spoon across* the cup.

I was perfectly petrified, and yet “held my tongue, and spake nothing.”—She proposed walking, and, as I really thought the air might do the poor creature’s head good, I drew on my gloves, and attended her towards the well-walk.—Alas ! Doctor, nothing, I fear, can bring her about ; for she grew ten times worse than ever, and if I was astonished before, I was now almost struck dead with the hugeness of my amazement.

I had not the happiness to hit her fancy even in my walk, which she very fairly told me, was *ridiculous* ; and that I held up my head too high, turned in my toes too much, and wanted the *Graces* in my arms.

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She actually made an objection to the manner in which my wig was powdered, said it was all in patches, and had not the regular sprinkling of a man of fashion.

Upon this, I ventured gently to tell her, that I was but a country curate, that I had no pretensions to *fashion*---that I had, for my own part, nothing to do at a watering-place, but to oblige her---that I was very sorry, for the loftiness of my head, which, for the time to come, should be carried with more humility---that, if it would give her any pleasure, I would take care to stoop till I bent neck and shoulders together---that, as to inversion of the toes, I would learn to dance, late in the day as it was for me, and inconsistent as such a part might be thought to the clerical character---in regard to my arms, that I had hitherto only

used

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used them in the ordinary offices of life, and found they performed very well for a plain man; but that, if she had any favourite attitudes, or wished me to exhibit in any postures to which she was particularly partial, I would practise vigilantly at the looking-glass, and, rather than want the *Graces* she spoke of, would absolutely learn the exercise, and go through all the forms and ceremonies of legs, arms, head, and hands, like a young recruit. At the same time I begged her to consider, that, as we had, since the day of our union, lived harmoniously, I warmly hoped we should not be put out of tune by trifles, which are in themselves insignificant, even if we admitted them to be essential to the *etiquette* of a watering-place. I, moreover, told her to remember, that I was at least a *faithful* husband, and made her happiness the study, practice, and contrivance, of my



whole life : and that, surely, where the cardinal duties were observed, it mattered little whether the toes were the breadth of a barley-corn too much in or out, or the head half an inch too lofty, or half an inch too low. I would have proceeded in my defence, but that my good friend Mr. SEDLEY at that instant came to my relief, told us, *as he advanced with warmth, vivacity, and a cheerful countenance, that, "if we did justice to his attachment to us, we might judge of the joy he felt in seeing us so frequently chuse a private path, which was to him a certain indication of matrimonial felicity."*

There was something so pretty in his speech, that it made an impresson on my memory, and I have copied it *verbatim*. In less than half an hour, Mrs. HOMESPUN recovered her reason ; her late

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late lunacy was never hinted at, and, hoping to continue her good-nature, I invited this most agreeable gentleman to take another bit of supper with us.

The manner in which he accepted the invitation, trebled the sense of the favour he did me by his company. What a gratification it is to have so sensible and entertaining a friend at a watering-place!

Dear Doctor,

I am yours truly,

HORACE HOMESPUN.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

A MAN, THORNTON, who is true to the relish of pleasure, can extract extacy even from disappointment. The *bliss of blisses* alone, could have made me happier than I was an hour ago.

Hear the story.

Since the first moment I cast my eye upon the bewitching HARRIET, I marked her for my own ; and *she* hath since been the *grand* point of all my insinuation and ingenuity. Not a single article hath been neglected that could touch her imagination, move her heart, and catch her fa-  
vourite

*curite weaknesses.* I paid court to her fancy, to her feelings, to her foibles. Constant attention hath done the business I expected it would, and I have but one effort more, to be master of *all* that the finest woman in the world has to bestow.

Last night, my THORNTON, was the conscious period that yielded up every transport but *the one*. HORACE was requested to perform the funeral-service over the corpse of a fellow who died by a dropfy ; (as the parson of the parish was indisposed ; ) and, it seems, he was to be buried at a town a mile distant from our lodgings.

He went.—The opportunity was not to be omitted. I exerted myself. I sparkled in the lustre of STANHOPEAN sentiments—I became eloquent, and soon communicated a part of *my* ardour to the troubled



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troubled bosom of HARRIET. I hit her, soft upon the heart. Our eyes met---they confirmed our *sentiments*---our voices grew soft as the summer-breezes---there was no intruder---I laid my cheek close to hers---they were both upon the glow---for the first time in my life, I kissed her lips---I repeated the pressure---she repulsed me---I dropped upon my knee, and in that attitude repeated the offence---Nature was stirred to the uttermost---I continued to suck the delicious poison, and unawares she returned the salutation. The dalliance was no longer to be borne; she begged me, for God's sake, to desist. The flush of desire and modesty, were at war in her cheek---her bosom palpitated---I plied her with my precious maxims in a whisper, that gave them additional graces---I laid my hand upon her heart: the throb was violent; and, as I caught her eagerly in my arms, her head sunk in

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in unresisting softness on my shoulder, and, worked to the extreme betwixt sentiment and sensation, she burst into tears.

I composed her cheek---drew her handkerchief gently over her eye, fixed her again, without offering to distress her, in her chair; and to this moment she thinks I sacrificed, to love, respect, delicacy, and friendship, a passion that is tearing me to pieces.

In a few minutes HOMESPUN returned; he is no reader of looks, and I took my leave for the night with that *easy, intrepid assurance* which belongs to the great character I have adopted.

And now, THORNTON, am I not a tolerable proficient in the science of dissimulation? Does any-thing come amiss to me? Can I not *assume with ease, and*  
*wear*

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*wear with cheerfulness, every shape?* Are not heat, cold, luxury, abstinence, gravity, gaiety, ceremony, easiness, learning, trifling, business, and pleasure, modes which, according to my Preceptor's advice, I am able to take, lay aside, or change occasionally, with as much ease as I would take and lay aside my hat.— But you may expect nobler illustrations of this hereafter. I am yet in the outset of my adventures---sporting (by way of trial) with jejune experiments. The next time I can fend THEE out of the way, HORACE HOMESPUN, beware! Thou hast just escaped a sore evil. A little while ago, thou wert within an inch of cuckoldom.

THORNTON, adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LET.

LETTER XXV.

*The Reverend* HORACE HOMESPUN *to*  
*Doctor* DIGGORY.

Dear Doctor,

SUCH a night as the last, I never passed. My poor wife has had a relapse, Doctor. It returned at midnight upon her, and raged with the most frightful violence for above two hours. She is absolutely delirious, and I am the most wretched of men.

About an hour after we were in bed, she complained that there was no bearing  
the



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the heat ; though, in truth, this is one of the coldest places in England, and it had rained all the preceding evening. I felt her pulse, and it was immoderately full, tumultuous, and rapid. I kissed her with all the tenderness of a sympathizing husband ;---she asked me, how I could possibly be *so cruel* ? I offered to lay her dear head upon my bosom, as upon the pillow of affection, judging that she would be pleased with my assiduities. Her eyes were streaming in tears---her face was on fire---the sighs came from her, palpably against her consent. I pressed to know the cause of this ; at least, to what she attributed it ; and offered to throw on my cloaths, and procure a Doctor. Her cure, she told me, was out of the reach of a Doctor ; but that, if I would not suffer her to be quiet without fretting her by my officiousness,

she

she should be under the necessity of getting out of the bed, and sit till the morning in a chair. A little time after this, she changed her manner, and with a kinder tone of the voice asked me, if I would consent to return home as soon as it was light. She caught my hand, begged my pardon, wetted it with her tears, and begged I would excuse her infirmity. I drew her, fond and close to my heart; and I felt *hers*, at that moment, leap with agony. In the next moment she requested me to leave her, covered herself hastily head over ears with the bed-cloaths, and, saying that she wished I was wrapping her in the shroud, sunk sobbing upon her pillow. Oh! Doctor, what shall I do? What can be the matter? I am really unconscious of offence. She is now in bed---perhaps, sleep may alleviate her disorder. The  
worst

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worst of it is, she will not allow me to speak to any third person ; and, as I myself know nothing of either maladies, or their proper medicines, I am dreadfully alarmed, and tremble for the consequence.

Dear Doctor,

I am your unhappy friend,

HORACE HOMESPUN.

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

*From the Same to the Same.*

Dear Doctor,

CERTAINLY, Mr. SEDLEY is the best young man in England. When he came to pay me the compliments of the morning, he found me in a very dejected situation; and though he was far from inquisitive, yet I could not conceal from his asking eye the nature of my calamity. Poor young Gentleman! it was evident that he, *felt* for me: his countenance lost, in a moment, all that fine glow that is natural to it; and, if  
my



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my fancy does not deceive me, he had some difficulty to prevent a tear from starting. He assured me, that words were never made to do justice to the feelings of wounded friendship; that he was more interested in every-thing that concerned me and my wife, than he could express; and that, if I would suggest some little pretence, either of business or of invitation, to leave him with Mrs. HOMESPUN in the evening, he would certainly either comfort her by every ministration of the sincerest friendship, or, at worst, he would find out the reasons for her anxiety, and the nature of her complaint; after which, he very well observed, the remedy would be easy. At this generous proposal, in which his worthy disposition was manifest, I was ready to weep; and, as we embraced each other at parting, our  
 voices

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voices became of no use to us, and we could only shew, by our sympathising enfoldings, that we had a sincere and christian regard for each other.

I am,

Dear Doctor,

Your most faithful servant,

HORACE HOMESPUN.

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LET

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LETTER XXVII.

*Mrs. HOMESPUN to Mrs. LA MOTTE.*

OH, CHARLOTTE! CHARLOTTE!  
What a perplexity am I thrown into, by  
this scheme of pleasure! Accursed be  
the hour in which I set my foot upon  
the confines of BUXTON! Unconscious  
of any violent partialities, I was con-  
tented while I was ignorant. In the  
dreary village, where our parsonage is a  
*palace*, I was sufficiently happy, because  
I saw nobody superior to Mr. HOMESPUN.  
I was the Minister's lady, and the wives  
and daughters of the neighbourhood paid  
me the compliment of their best curtsy.  
My HORACE really looked handsome in  
his

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his Sunday canonicals, and I viewed him in the pulpit with pleasure.

But, alas! my CHARLOTTE, the scene is changed. I have been several days in a place of politeness, where HORACE is the most awkward of the circle. My eyes are now opened to his imperfections ---I *see* them, I *feel* them, I *detest* them. He is a lump of learning, without ductility, without softness, without---what Mr. SEDLEY calls, *the Graces*. I am sometimes obliged to ask several times before I can obtain an answer to the most ordinary question, and then, at last, he bursts from his reverie, and pretends not to have heard me speak to him. Can any-thing be so disgusting? His conversation is unlike that of the rest of the company; and, instead of bearing a part, in little, social, and endearing *chit-chat*, he talks eternally about Locke, and



Livy, and Cicero, the Elements of Criticism, the Problems of Euclid, and such fellows----and many a time, when I have wanted him to put a pin in my handkerchief, or such little offices of endearment, he has been wrapt up in meditation, and then stared me full in the face without knowing I was in the room.

Then, he actually has a strange shy method of treating me as a wife. There is no delicacy in his air, when he takes my hand : he shakes it indeed HEARTILY, but then he has the fat fist of a grasier, even though in other respects he is disagreeably thin. He kisses, with a ceremony perfectly classical, as Mr. SEDLEY calls it. There is a pretty method, methinks, even in the management of the lips. By *accident*, Mr. SEDLEY stole a kiss the other day, and he placed it, so directly, so gently, and so pathetically in  
the

the *center*, that I never felt such a sensation! I protest, CHARLOTTE, it ran thrilling through every vein of me, warmed my very heart, and almost took away my breath.

We were, I remember, playing at questions and commands, the day being showery, so that we could not stir out. The forfeit came round at last to HORACE, and he smacked me, as usual, in his round-about manner. Heaven pardon me, CHARLOTTE, but I was obliged to draw my pocket-handkerchief across my mouth, and had some difficulty to avoid making a wry face. If you was once in the company of Mr. SEDLEY--- he is called the *handsome* SEDLEY here--- you would never forget---gentle, graceful, elegant, soft, genteel, and eloquent. —Heigho! — Why, CHARLOTTE, why did I marry, before I had seen

something of the world ? Or, rather, Why, after I *was* married, why did I ever stray from carts and cottages, to the delightful dangers of a watering-place ? — But I must hide my letter ; Mr. HOMESPUN is coming towards the house, as erect as a walking-stick.

Adieu.

HARRIET HOMESPUN.

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

*Miss DELIA DELMORE, to Lady LUCY  
SAXBY.*

FANNY is much disordered, my dear LUCY; the fainting with which she was seized at the breakfast-rooms, has preyed on her ever since. Her spirits are greatly agitated. Her husband attends her, with the diligence of a nurse, and cannot be persuaded to leave her chamber. The poor girl often drops the tear of gratitude, but speaks less than usual, as she says, talking exhausts her. She has twice hinted her wishes to be removed from hence, either to my father's, or to SCARBOROUGH, as we thought proper: and begs her removal may be pretty late at night, for company,



she says, rather disturbs her, since her last accident. POOR MORTIMER, her husband, sees her dying by inches before his face, and his unavailing officiousness appears now and then, to go too near the heart of the sinking FANNY. She is too indisposed to remove at present: for my part, I have not been able to set my foot yet in the street: I love my sister too tenderly, to leave her with a strange woman, in a strange place, especially with one, who is merely paid for her attention, and who, consequently, can have none of those charming thoughts that enter into the heart of a tender relation. Sometimes, my dear, the changing a posture, sometimes the shifting a pillow, or fixing a chair, does more by the *method* of doing it, than all the elaborate efforts of an avowed nurse. A MR. SEDLEY—who is said to be the beauty of the Bath, and was the person that handed FANNY down stairs,

stairs, and was very obliging during her illness,---sends every day, very respectfully, to know how the sick lady improves in her health. As many of both sexes were witnesses to poor FANNY's distress, and as people *should* have a fellow-feeling, in places of general resort for cures, as well as fashions, I wonder *others* have not paid this sweet girl the same compliment.

The *manner* in which this gentleman makes the enquiry, is pretty: he does not presume upon the privilege of a public place, and send a blundering foot-boy with a message, nor does he come, intruding, *himself*, but he usually writes a little billet, (every day varied, and containing a new turn,) in which his expressions discover at once accomplishment and high-breeding; and, what puts it out of any body's power to misconstrue it

F 5

into

into design, he always addresses his cards to MR. MORTIMER. As my brother was reading one of these this morning to his wife, she desired to look at the hand, but had scarce held it to her eye, before she dropt the paper, and, letting her arm fall languidly on the pillow, said, very softly, that she could not manage it, and was weaker than she imagined.

She is now in a gentle dose, and I took the opportunity it gave, to inform my dear Lucy of our present melancholy situation. Sir HARRY, and my mother are expected hourly. If FANNY really dies, my mother will certainly go distracted. Heaven bless you, and yours.

DELIA DELMORE.

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

Mrs. LA MOTTE to Mrs. HOMESPUN.

IN the name of heaven, HARRIET, what are you about? Your letters alarm me beyond imagination. You are in the road to ruin: I see you upon the very verge of perpetual infamy. You can now mark the little imperfections of a husband: you are blind to his many virtues. You have cast your eye on a man, whose person and manners you like better: with *this* man, you have been already left *alone*: you *may* be left alone *again*. The next step is too apparent to be mentioned: you are very gay, very young, very inexperienced: there is but one way left to prevent your destruction,



and *that* is, to return home directly, and make any excuse to HORACE for the abruptness of your departure. I know nothing of the SEDLEY you speak, nor do I wish to know him. Better had it been, on all hands, if *you* were as ignorant of him as I am. It is plain he hath pleased you *too well*; since the pleasure is bought at the dear price of hatred to the best of husbands. Yes, HARRIET, your HORACE is the best of husbands. He is an *honest* man, if he is not a *brilliant* man; and, if he does not shine in society, he hath an excellent heart, and a simplicity of manners, truly amiable. The little points of objection you have made, are, when weighed against his various virtues, light, and of no account; while, on the other hand, SEDLEY has, very probably, nothing but an *elegance in trifling* to set him of.

Waving

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Waving, however, these points, my dear, let us come to others more startling. You are a wife, you are pregnant, you are advanced far in that pregnancy, you have a clear character, you have the love of an innocent neighbourhood---Away!---away! Order your chaise this instant to the door. The matter does not admit of a moment's debate. I hasten to seal up my letter, and I beg, for God's sake, for your own sake, and for that of all that *love you*, or that *you love*, that you will deliver your answer by word of mouth.

I shall catch you to my breast, as a dear friend, just escaped from a precipice,---as a treasure I have luckily rescued, in the minute of despair, from the surrounding flames. Adieu: Adieu. I enjoin you to be expeditious!

CHARLOTTE LA MOTTE.

LETTER XXX.

Mrs. HOMESPUN to Mrs. LA MOTTE.

*(Before the receipt of the above.)*

**Y**OUR HARRIET is something happier than when she last sat down to address you. Mr. SEDLEY has pleaded the cause of poor HORACE so persuasively, and *that* behind his back, (there's a generous man for you!) that I have been induced to ask his pardon, and I am resolved to treat him with more politeness, which I find is indispensable in the conduct of a married woman to her husband, even though he were indifferent to her.

We have past together a very happy  
afternoon,

## THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. III

afternoon ; and though I do not find any greater degree of tenderness for HORACE, yet, as I know how to make him happy, by merely suppressing those sentiments in his disfavour, which can do *me no service* to discover, I feel the sweets of *disguising the truth* upon some occasions. I have restored HORACE to perfect serenity, and I as sincerely thank Mr. SEDLEY, for taking me to task. Adieu.

I am,

Dear CHARLOTTE,

Your Affectionate,

HARRIET HOMESPUN.

LETTER



## LETTER XXXI.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

THE first blow is not yet finally given. Opportunity hath not favoured temptation *sufficiently*. My system, not only demands that I should preserve the fact *private*, but the reputation of both the man and the woman, *unsuspected*. I am not to be a harum-scarum rake, who brutishly and boyishly boasts of his successes, but a man of pleasure, who is to bathe his senses in bliss, and revel in the richest luxuries of enjoyment, (*privately*,) with consenting elegance; while (*in public*) I am to sustain a fair character, and *pass upon men* (who only look upon

upon the surface) as a pattern of purity, and a model for morals.

HARRIET is a bewitching, illiterate, sweet piece of unpractised Nature. Her complexion is ardent, and I have sufficiently set *her* passions afloat; but I must take care to guard against working up *my own*. All the power of all-conquering diffimulation is over, when DESIRE seizes the helm from the hand of cool and deliberate REASON. “*Vigour and spirit*” are mere madneffes, without “*versatility*” and *complacence*.” Upon this principle, I must walk without deviation, like a faithful pupil, in the path that is chalkt out for me. It is my business to “lead right” reason in the triumphant fetters and “shackles of the heart, and the passions.” In order to accomplish this, THORNTON, I must keep *myself* collected, and never strike till I have fully thrown every body  
about

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about me off *their* guard, and till I can, then, gratify, conquer, triumph, and enjoy in full security. My blood, THORNTON, is as cool as a turtle's. HARRIET's, I see, is upon the boil : yet she *has* beauty enough to stir me ; and when the *secure* moment offers itself, fear not her disappointment. Her wishes---shall not be vain.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

I HAVE appeared in public. I dined this day at the ordinary. *Ordinary* indeed ! such a room full of emptiness I never beheld : citizens apeing the men of mode, women of fallow countenances, and fops, who would be thought witty and elegant, when they are merely faucy, and affected, and dull. Alas ! THORNTON, what a pity, what a mortification ! I have not a single competitor,----I mean not in point of gallantry, for that militates against my system of pleasure,----but there is no one of *my* sex from whom I can gain any real honour in the comparison. However, as even blockheads are worth



worth gaining, and their hearts worth misleading; as they have all foibles to flatter, and weakneſſes that may be for our intereſt to work upon: I began to ſhew off, and brought the whole company over, as my admirers. I practiſed all the charming converſation-rules of DORMER, with as much facility as if I had been the author of them; and, indeed, they are ſo ſuited to my own natural ſentiments, that I only conſider him as having *written*, what I long ago *thought*, and what I will henceforward invariably practiſe, till I am incapable of farther enjoyment. I had the happineſs to fit parallel to the very fop, already recorded in my correſpondence; and he was *over-dreſſed* to all the extravagancy of the *ton*; while I had the advantage, of not in any ſort, invading the modeſty of Nature. The fool lookt as if he piqued himſelf upon his gaudineſs; he ſtroaked his ruffles, diſplayed the

## THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 117

the baubles of his watch, perkt up his head to gaze in the pier-glaffes, pulled his watch in and out of his fob several times, eyed himself ascance, and figitted up and down in his chair, with all the insignificant whiffling agility of the monkey in the fable, who had seen the world.

Close to the side of this popinjay, sat an unweildy animal, who, to the manners of a bear, united the uncouthness of an elephant, without half its sagacity; and who, in feeding, scattered his offals around, to the utter dismay of the coxcomb, who, fearful of complaining, and alarmed at the size of the antagonist, took shelter at a small table, or rather side-board, and fluttered himself clean, while the monster enjoyed his embarrassment. I am happy to tell you, that, though this piece of pleasantry set the unpolished table in a roar, I commanded my features, and

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and did not give way to ridicule. Hitherto I have *never laught out* since I came to Buxton, and I solemnly hope I shall never be boorish, or boisterous enough to laugh *out* again, while I have being.

I eat elegantly, drank discreetly. I *smiled* at a thousand *dull* stories, and only told *one* myself, and that, inconceivably a-propos. I heard long talkers, without appearing to be tired, and I looked every person whom I addressed full in the face. I dressed my countenance in softness, and gave the *douceur* to all my motions. I interrupted no man, contradicted cautiously, palliated tenderly, decided a dispute betwixt the fop and the glutton with a good-humoured pleasantry, caught the habits of the company, swore not at all, and adapted my conversation to every speaker. The consequence

## THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 119

quence was, THORNTON, that I was immediately known to be *somebody*, nay, I was the admiration of *every body*: my company was cherished, my absence regretted, and, at my going out of the room, a buzz of universal approbation followed me down stairs. In a word, THORNTON, the fops were annihilated, the prattlers were silenced, and I went off in the completest triumph of uncontested excellence.

And thus, having settled my reputation, and established myself PUBLICLY, it only remains that I enjoy my popularity by *appearing* to deserve it; and then I may bid defiance to censure, and then

~~—~~WELCOME VOLUPTUOUSNESS!

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LET-



## LETTER XXXIII.

THOMAS *at the Bath,* to TIMOTHY *in*  
*Town.*

*Buxton.*

RECEIVE, TIMOTHY, the greet-  
ing of THOMAS.

I, and my master, arrived on the day  
we fet out at this execrable place, where  
I have as yet done little more than stick  
a pin in SEDLEY's hair, and peruse a  
page of his CHESTERFIELD after dinner.

These books we are both excessively  
fond of, and as he always leaves them  
in the chamber-window, I take them *up*  
when he lays them *down* to walk out;  
by which means we make pretty nearly  
the

the same progress. If any thing, I believe I am half a volume before-hand with him, and, in the opinion of the judicious, am the finer gentleman of the two.

Not that my master, like your common coxcombs, ever mentions his amours, or his studies to his servant, any more than I discover mine to him: we are both better bred; but I have heard too much of CHESTERFIELD at table, at tea, and every where else, not to have had, long ago, a relish for his writings; and I scruple not to tell thee, TIMOTHY, that I have formed myself, what you know me to be, entirely on his Lordship's model.

He had, beyond comparison, the prettiest pen, at an epistle, in Europe, and is at once so neat and plain, that it is

impossible to misunderstand him. I once was as vulgar a dog in my choice of books as any in the kingdom;—I had no more taste, TIMOTHY, than a teacher of the table of multiplication. I thought the luscious love-scenes of ROCHESTER delicious, and had a mighty hankering after the memoirs of OLELAND; but heaven defend me from such barefaced trash, The bawdry brutes!

“They shew too much to raise desire.”

No Tim. Stanhope has brought me round, he teaches that “the very shoe has power to wound;” and I am by God’s grace, and his Lordship’s graces, as gracefully graceless a rascal, and as pretty a fellow as any in Britain.

I expect, by the Earl’s assistance, to do an infinite deal of mischief at this watering-place;—my eye (though no settler)

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settler) has pointed at a bath-maid, who attracted me in the handing a tumbler of Spa-water. Nauseous as all minerals are, I took it and tost it off, because, I find, to refuse is *ungenteel*. I shall subdue this damsel at my leisure, having, for my more serious *simulations*, as his Lordship calls them, a noble object in view, of whom you will hear more explicitly in my next.

SEDLEY is upon some project, but I scorn to be guilty of impertinent curiosity; and he is as much above making either a confident or a pimp of his servant, I should with more propriety have said his *gentleman*, as his gentleman is of wearing a livery of worsted lace. God and the Graces speed him, say I, in all his undertakings! Every man has a right in this world to follow



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the bent of his fancy, to “frew the  
“way over with flowers,” as the song  
says, and to be as happy, both up and  
a-bed, as he possibly can.

*Vale---*

as I see your scholars conclude,

*Vale---*

*Adio---*

*Adieu---*

THOMAS.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIV.

Mrs. HOMESPUN to Mrs. LA MOTTE.

(After receiving Mrs. LA MOTTE's  
Letter.)

**Y**OUR letter came too late.---  
The hour of circumspection is past, and  
I am in utter despair.

HARRIET HOMESPUN.

LETTER XXXVI

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

ADD to the list of my conquests, or rather place at the *top* of the CHESTERFIELD catalogue, the ruin of HARRIET HOMESPUN. Ruin, THORNTON, why ruin? In *my* system, the name should be softened. The fame of the *she* who grants the favour, is pure and inviolate as ever. Where then the ruin? HORACE will sleep as sound this night as the last---

“He finds not SEDLEY’s kisses on her lips;

“He saw not, thinks it not:

“He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,

“Let him-not know’t, and he’s not robb’d at all.”

Well

**THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 127**

Well said **WILL SHAKESPEARE** ! By the same rule, master minister **HOMESPUN**, thou, being ignorant, art not robbed at all. However, robbed or not robbed, I must pay another visit or two to thy treasure, before I take my leave of it for ever : for thy **HARRIET** is a most voluptuous banquet, and increases the appetite while she indulges it.—By the next post, **THORNTON**, I shall dispatch another letter ; mean time I am

Thine,

**PHILIP SEDLEY.**



LETTER XXXVL

*Mrs. LA MOTTE to Mrs. HOMESPUN.*

AND so the dreadful prophecy in my last is fulfilled! As an *unhappy* woman, I pity you; as an *wichaste* one, I can only keep your secret, pray for your repentance, and take my *everlasting* leave of you.

Farewel.

C. LA MOTTE.

LETTER

## LETTER XXXVII.

*Mrs. HOMESPUN to Mrs. LA MOTTE.*

**P**UNCTILIOUS, prudish CHARLOTTE! that mistakest a slip of the heart, for an error in principle. Two days ago *I* entertained sentiments like *yours*. Novels and vulgar notions, ruin half our sex: I have begun, and am still privately engaged in reading a BOOK, that sets all to rights in my own heart, and reconciles my conduct to my own conscience. As to matrimonial shackles, I say with ELOISA, “Curse on all laws but those which “Love hath made!” Had I read the dear BOOK, now in my box under lock and key, a few months ago, take my word for it, CHARLOTTE, I had never

been a HOMESPUN, and would have died, rather than have given my hand to a looby of a bookworm, unacquainted with the *Beau Monde*, and unfavoured by the *Graces*. My mind is perfectly at rest; and the only mad thing that flies in my face, is, having thrown away my charms upon a country curate, that does not know how to behave in company—who is unable to carve a chicken, or lead his wife into a ball-room, without hanging down his head, and biting his nails.

I am

L. L. HOMESPUN

LETTER

LETTER XXXVIII.

*Mrs. LA MOTTE to Mrs. HOMESPUN.*

UPON my word!---Oh brave!  
 ---Why, you have made a rapid progress,  
 and are an apt scholar, that's certain. A  
 young creature scarce two-and-twenty,  
 bred upon a barren mountain, little read  
 in the ways of any part of the world,  
 but the ways of a circumscribed village--  
 a farmer to your father, and an honest  
 wholesome dairy-woman for your mother  
 ---a little modicum of money to the tune  
 of five hundred pounds, the savings of  
 twenty pains-taking years of your poor  
 grandam--and, and--to turn *fine lady* all  
 of a sudden!--to trip to Buxton bath,  
 in the height of the season, forget all



your country friends, and country *feelings*---all in a *week*---a *little* week! Upon my honour, you are no common character, and I congratulate you on reconciling all this, and all that has resulted from this, to your capacious conscience. Down to the very earth, I drop my curtesey, fashionable Mrs. HOMESPUN!

A But, gracious God! can it be possible? Is not the last letter, marked with your name, a forgery? Can the character, be Mrs. HOMESPUN's? Can it be written by *her*, whom I have so often distinguished for innocence in the midst of gaiety, and modesty in the very bosom of amusement?

Is it practicable, in so short a space of time, to lose all that's valuable, all that's feminine, all that's truly endearing; and to substitute, the most despicable, detested.

detested contraries ? Ah ! HARRIET, HARRIET, how art thou fallen ! Thoughtless, ingrateful creature ! POOR HORACE, what is become of him ? If he is yet in ignorance, in mercy to his merit, *keep* him so : at least, have the generosity---the *humanity*, to keep from his knowledge, *that*, which would cut his honest heart to atoms.

But what is the book you allude to, as the panacea, of a person polluted, and a heart set against the venerable maxims of morality ? Alas ! Madam, be not every way deluded : nor books, nor tongues, nor casuistry, nor all the chicanery of eloquence misapplied, can possibly overturn the sober single system of unentangled innocence. I *yet* hope, you are not in that wretched state, which, despairing of forgiveness, hunts about for apology, nor, rather than seem *destitute*, condescend

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condescend to take up with one, that in effect, plunges you deeper in criminality. A drowning creature, catches at the slightest twig: and a guilty woman, is fain to support herself from falling in her own esteem, against a tottering pillar.

BOOKS, HARRIET!—find a refuge from the keenness of your own reflections in BOOKS! Perish the volume, and may the name of its author descend ignominiously to posterity, in which the error, that you have, under your pathetic circumstances, been guilty of, is not *palpably discountenanced!*

Mention, however, the name of that book from which you receive comfort, and, woman as I am, I will undertake to baffle its boasted system, and shew, that the only way to genuine pleasure, is through the paths of purity, integrity, and

and singleness. I am, and have continued a widow, five years upon principle: the man I have lost, was even less splendid than Mr. HOMESPUN, nor had his person any peculiar attractions. What of that? He was good, he was great, and he was tender as Heaven. I wanted not temptation, while he was living, to indulge indelicacies, but I valued both his honour and my own; and though I pretend to no gifts of preternatural continency, I defy either *books* or *men*, to make me act in diametrical opposition to common-sense and christianity.

But, just at the present crisis, you are, of all women in the world, the most *inexcusable*! Oh, heavens! HARRIET, reflect a moment. More than three parts gone with child---*that* child your first-born---the father an honour to his profession---his profession the *Church*!—

I will



I will say no more, for if you had *my* heart, enough has been said already to move you to add to your present errors, the crime of suicide.

Adieu.

C. LA MOTTE.

RETTLE

LETTER XXXIX.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

ALL goes on to the utmost content of my heart. Oh, THORNTON! STANHOPE is infallible. His maxims are perfect anodynes against disappointment, and I shall (I do really think) render him more celebrated than ever, by practically illustrating every precept in every period!—I have played the second part of the same tune with HARRIET, and I half believe I shall make her a proselyte; for she hath got *volume the first*, and I have taken care to pencil the places at which I would have her stop: a mark in the margin always attracts. HORACE and I, too, are hand and glove, and a very worthy

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worthy priest he is, for an HOMESPUN, I'll assure thee.

XIXXX HETTTT I  
I will give thee, however, an instance or two of my proficiency in the arts of pleasing. When all was over, I paid my respects to HARRIET and her Lord, at the accustomed hour, without the least visible embarrassment, or alteration of countenance. The poor woman, indeed, made but a bungling piece of work of it, blushed, stammered, and stopt short; while I took care to preserve every muscle and lineament steady and unmoved. I see the efficacy of this most materially, for, had I not practised this presence of mind, I do verily believe even the unsagacious HOMESPUN would have suspected what had happened. I took him by the hand, with the usual cordiality, and we walkt. to FAIRFIELD, a neighbouring village, (whither by the by he was

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was walking while the deed was doing,) like inseparable friends. So that there is, as thou perceivest, fresh reason for thy congratulation.

But I have other business in hand, and must leave thee, THORNTON.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER



## LETTER XL.

THOMAS *at the Bath,* to TIMOTHY *in*  
*Town.*

CURSE upon it, TIMOTHY! SEDLEY hath caught me in the fact--the very fact of consulting his oracle. He came home accidentally, when I thought him safe for at least an hour, and I was just enjoying the sweet sentiment, and had delv'd into the pith and marrow of the dear Earl's epistle upon drefs; when this indiscreet master of mine, absolutely forgetting his good-breeding, kicked me on the breech, took the book out of my hand, and led me down stairs by the nose: for which, if I forgive him, "May the shame I mean to brand his name with  
"Stick on mine!"

No

THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 141

No matter: I know my cue, "smile at  
"present, and strike hereafter."

Since this affair, the cruel youth keeps  
the Earl all to himself; but I see, by  
the newspapers which come down here,  
his Lordship's *good things* are all col-  
lected together, in a little snug volume,  
that a man, upon any exigences, may  
pop either into his pocket, his bosom,  
his breeches, or elsewhere, as occasion re-  
quires. This little *essence of the Earl* I  
desire you will procure me, TIMOTHY,  
forthwith, and send it down by the Fly:  
I shall not rest till I get it, for I com-  
prehend every syllable he says, and I have  
as great a right to do roguish things with  
a *good grace*, as my master. So no more  
at present from thy friend,

THOMAS.

Post.

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Postscript.

The book will be bought under the title of "Lord CHESTERFIELD's Advice to his Son," printed, as the papers say, for RICHARDSON and URQUHART, under the Royal Exchange.

LETTER

THOMAS

Post

LETTER XLI.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

**I** BLUSH as I put my hand to the paper: I feel the severity of self-reproach: I have deviated from the maxims of my Preceptor, by making a man *feel his inferiority*. In a word, THORNTON, I have struck my servant. I caught the fellow reading in the sacred page of *my* religion, even in the page of the divine DORMER, never meant to be polluted by the eye of a footman, and I condescended to give him a blow. *This* is amongst the list of unpardonable crimes, and I must make it up with the lad before I sleep, or I shall scorn myself too



too heartily. A man of fashion use his fist, and against his footman !----SHAME  
 ----SHAME----SHAME !----I have a thought to bring all even again.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER

LETTER XLII.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

I COULD sing---I could dance ;  
for alienation is no more. THORNTON,  
I have atoned for my meanness ; ask me  
now what I have given, what I have  
said, what I have done ! Whatever it was,  
be assured there was *manner* in it, and  
“ manner is every thing every where,  
“ and to every body.”

Farewel.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER XLIII.

*The Reverend* HORACE HOMESPUN *to*  
*Doctor* DIGGORY.

Dear Doctor,

**T**HINGS are so pleasingly altered, that I have been over-ruled as to my design of going away even at the end of the fortnight, and I have contrived to procure another week's recess, in order to extend my HARRIET's happiness, and enjoy myself the spirited, yet moral and engaging conduct of Mr. SEDLEY, who, every day, becomes more agreeable, and who, I do truly believe, has been not a little instrumental in  
bringing

bringing about my poor wife to a proper sense of her duty and right reason. If any-thing, she is more cordial to me than before my departure from the curacy, and is at once lively and obliging.

I take it for granted, the strange conduct I transmitted you an account of in my late letters, was only a transient giddiness, not very infrequent, as I have observed, Doctor, to the fair sex, about HARRIET'S age, which is very well called, in one of SHAKESPEARE'S tragedies that I read formerly, the "heyday of youthful blood." We grave folks, you know, my dear DIGGORY, ought to allow for all this. Poor thing, I pity her, and am half angry with myself that I should have treated the overflowing, effervescent emanations, as I may stile them, of a juvenile mind, as a serious delirium.

H 2

But,



But, thank God, it is not gone abroad to any person who is capable of circulating the whisper of the day to the detriment of a fellow-creature. Mr. SEDLEY, who, I can easily see, is to be trusted with every thing, and my old friend, and brother-collegian, Doctor DIGGORY, are the only persons informed of the matter, and so all is well. But do not, I charge you, think too hardly of her for what hath been said. It was all a misrepresentation, and you should admire your heavenly HARRIET, as you used to call her, the *more*, for having been *injured*. I can assure you, I am at present more satisfied with *her* than I am with *myself* : and, indeed, she has the advantage of me ; for she appears in the light of a person *calumniated*, and I am only one in a state of conscious error, and *probation*.

However,

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However, a short time will, I do not doubt, set us all as happy again as our hearts can wish.—But why, my worthy DIGGORY, do you not write : how is it that so scrupulous a man in point of equity is so unexact a correspondent ? You are deep in my debt, and though I am now rich in the inestimable treasures of reconciliation, yet a line from you would add materially to my fortune, and I should have to thank Heaven for as full a measure of felicity, as it is, perhaps, either proper or possible to taste on this side of it.

I am, Dear Doctor,

Your most happy and faithful

HORACE HOMESPUN.

H 3

LET-

LETTER XLIV.

*Mrs. HOMESPUN to Mrs. LA MOTTE.*

Madam,

**T**HE severity and rudeness in your letter I can pardon, because they find an apology in your *want of breeding*: but the liberty you take with me and my character, cannot so readily be past over.

“I am *myself* the guardian of my honour,

“And will not brook so insolent a monitor.”

I am your deeply-injured

HARRIET HOMESPUN.

LETTER

LETTER XLV.

*From the Same to the Same.*

I WOULD give ten thousand worlds to stop the mail, and take out of it my last mad and ingrateful letter, even though I were to incur the punishment of robbing the post.

Excuse me, I beseech you--excuse the rashness of an enraged woman, cut to the quick by your just reproaches! Instead of resenting, I beg of you to compassionate me. My penitence is sincere, and you must--- you *will* unite your prayers to mine, that it may be at the same time perfect and efficient.

Adieu.

HARRIET HOMESPUN.



## LETTER XLVI.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

**H**A! ha! ha! There is no law against laughing in a *letter*, as there is neither a vulgar noise nor a ghastly grin attending it: take, then, the silent mirth of my soul, and let me pour out upon paper some part of the exultation that at this moment swells my heart!

What a superficial animal is man! "as easily led by the nose, as asses are!" the dupe of the senses, the idiots of mere exterior, and the very fools of a well-managed set of features.

It is usual with women, when the *af-*  
*fair*

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*fair* is over, to whimper, lament the loss of reputation, the destruction of their eternal peace of mind, and grow stubbornly refractory, or else sullenly repining. This was formerly a vile piece of business, and was a fore draw-back upon the felicity of fruition ; but the converts of CHESTERFIELD have no trouble of this sort to apprehend. As the confessor can make the consent of a good-natured nun a point of piety and religion ; so a man of manner, dress, address, and dissimulation, may manifestly prove, to either maid, wife, or widow, that the shortest, as well as the softest conveyance to heaven, is, *upon a feather-bed.*

Without any sort of hum, haugh, stammer, or hesitation, I have convinced HORACE that he has been notoriously in the wrong ; in consequence of which he is to kneel oftener than his professional bend-

ings require ---- I have firmly persuaded HARRIET, that all our future pleasure depends on behaving ten times *better* than ever to HORACE---and lastly, I have prevailed on the curate to indulge his wife a few days longer, as a first instance of his repentance. In the rashness of her heart, she hath told all to a Mrs. LA MOTTE, who hath written a chiding epistle in the old scolding way; and to this, I find, she (HARRIET) hath replied in justification of herself. Here I was obliged to set her right, and have taken care to see her dispatch a penitential piece of *policy*, which will bring all round again. This same Mrs. LA MOTTE is in a state of widowhood, and much in love with her weeds---a great beauty---and, I see by one of her letters, (which I *dissimulated* out of HARRIET,) a great *baaster*. I furthermore understand, that she is a constant church-goer, has a deliciously

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liciously demure set of muscles, an elevated pair of eyes,--folds the fair palm, and holds long conversations betwixt God and her conscience.

Now, THORNTON, if, by setting *all* my master-maxims in motion---if, by either the aids of genius, stratagem, and every exerted OMNIPOTENCY of the head, heart, hand, and voice, I could but lower the loftiness of this proud-hearted *cottager*, my soul would be satisfied, and I should sacrifice to the shade of the invincible DORMER, such a victim as might soothe his spirit, and elevate his extacy in elysium.—At present this is in embryo only,---uningendered.—In all events, I am determined, as KING LEAR says,

——“ To do something !

“ What it is yet I know not,

“ But it shall strike the world,” &c.



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Genius of STANHOPE, assist me !---  
breathe into thy Pupil instant inspiration !  
---exalt my thought !---animate me !---give  
me to bend the imperious heart of the  
confident LA MOTTE !

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER

LETTER XLVII.

*From the Same to the Same.*

**I** HAVE only a minute to spare, and that is to tell thee, I am the dullest dolt that Nature ever produced.

That nobody might perceive my agitation of mind, *by my countenance*, and its treacherous changings, I have rambled amongst the rocks and over the heathy hills of this execrable country, to meditate upon the means of bringing LA MOTTE within the reach of my machinations.—It is not to be done, and in the perfect stupidity, and shame of my soul, I am compelled to suspend the pursuit.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER XLVIII.

*Mrs. HOMESPUN to Mrs. LA MOTTE.*

**W**RITE to me, my dear LA MOTTE, though it be but to say---HARRIET, I do not hate you: you have my pity and my prayers.

HARRIET HOMESPUN.

LETTER

LETTER XLIX.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

THE matter of LA MOTTE must rest: I cannot hit it off; but have, indeed, other affairs to mind. This HARRIET answers all my joyous purposes most delightfully while I am heating the fire for the tender FANNY, who, I understand, is much better, and is to be seen (if the sun is not afraid of being outshone tomorrow) to examine the bath. *Accident* will, no doubt, *contrive* for me to be in view, about the moment of her first appearance. Her husband—but of him hereafter.

Postscript.



Postscript.

HARRIET HOMESPUN wants capacity ;  
I am obliged to dictate her letters to this  
Mrs. LA MOTTE, who must be kept in  
with, now she is in the secret.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER

LETTER L.

*From the Same to the Same.*

THERE is nothing, saith my creed, “so delicate as a man’s moral character, and nothing which it is so much his *interest* to preserve pure.”—I have been at church, THORNTON, where HOMESPUN officiated as teacher. He hath a snuffle in his nose; his voice is destitute of that harmonious variety, essential to all sorts of eloquence; and his organs of articulation, appear considerably obstructed.

However, I took him by the hand, upon his descending from the pulpit; returned him my sincere thanks, in a well-

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well-invented compliment, for the *elegance* of his discourse ; applauded his *delivery* ; lamented that I had not *often* been made so happy ; and almost brought the tears of virtue and vanity, into the good man's eyes, at the pathos of my conclusion.

“ There is no living in the world,” you know, THORNTON, “ without a comfortable pleasant indulgence for peoples weaknesses.” In a short time, I expect to reach the summit ; for, after only an hour's practice, I found myself able to call out a palpable tear, only by placing a *chair* before my face, and, by the force of imagination, representing *it* as a certain person in distress, which I had an *interest* in relieving.

And now I am talking upon the subject of sympathy, I must tell thee, THORNTON, that I have made myself still more popular

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popular than ever in this little place, by several acts of *unostentatious ostentation*--- by giving occasional small sums to people, who make it utterly unnecessary for me to be my *own* trumpeter. There are a set of characters that will raise a benefactor's reputation, without any drudgery on his side : these people have *tongue* enough, however poor they may be in other respects ; and all the good you do, though silent and secret as the noon of night, shall shine like " the light that shineth unto the perfect day," by means of those same grateful gossips.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER



## LETTER LI.

*From the Same to the Same.*

ONCE more, receive an account of a tender transaction, which I cannot conceal from thee. Relating upon paper, to the friend of one's heart, (for such thou art to me,) any business, or event, that hath afforded transport, is an office of a pleasing kind.

HARRIET, is as richly formed by Nature for rapture, as ever was woman ; and will, I am in hopes, soon be an adept in the *science* of pleasing. Her person is voluptuous, beyond painting, and the joys it yields are only to be felt ; and yet, I am almost reduced again to childishness,

and

and am almost ready to fall again into my leading-string notions by a very puerile accident---even, THORNTON, by the love-tale of a green, uninformed girl, whose whole history I purchased for a single fixpence. She hath been *ruined and undone*, as she terms it, by the basest of men.---And who dost thou think that man *is*, THORNTON?---Neither more nor less than my fellow THOMAS, who is, I'll assure thee, a would-be STANHOPEAN: but, trusting merely to picked-up precepts---the very crumbs that have fallen from his master's table---he stumbles in the effort, and discovers his livery, his dependency, and his education, even in his amours. All this, I enjoy, thou knowest.---The forsaken nymph came to complain of *my Mr.* THOMAS. She is very pretty, and very loquacious; but hear the story in her own words.

THE

THE STORY OF THE PRETTY BATH-  
MAID.

AN'T please your Honour, I am but a servant, and live, by handing my water to gentryfolks. I have tended the well-side, since Buxton bath became *famusb*; and nobody's tumbler was oftener filled than mine. Till the week before last, I was the happiest water-wench that ever dipt her glass in the well: all the *galley* knew me, all the ladies loved me, and all the gentlemen quarrelled which should drink first; but matters are now altered, and I am *asbeamed* to take my *stand* at the place, because of the baseness of your Honour's *unhoneft* Mr. THOMAS.

The arts he has used to tangle me, and take away my *wartue*, are monstrous, and such, as would make the stoutest *she* in

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in the country stumble. I am sure, for my part, I stood it, till I could stand it no longer. If your Honour will hear me out, and do me *justis*, seeing as my character is gone, and therewithal my water, and with that my bread, so that I have now neither bread *nor* water, I will unfold every-thing, and let your Goodness see the affair from top to bottom.

Poor girl, sit down, sit down; I am sorry for the loss of your water, with all my heart, and shall very chearfully see as much of the affair, as you think proper to shew me---Sit down, therefore, child, and shew away.

You must know, Sir, *as how*, when bathing and drinking the waters is over, and your Honour and such-like fine folk are all busy a-dancing; we servant-people, sometimes get together to a *lesserrer* room,  
and



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and have a little hop of our own. This happened the very first night I saw Mr. THOMAS, who I observed, soon after he came into town, walk round the well, and then backwards and forwards; and, to be sure, there was something in his putting his foot to the ground, taking it off again, swinging his arm, flourishing his switch, and saluting the fellow-servants, that made him look a king to the rest.

Well, Sir, he *chus'd* me for his partner; and tho' I say it, I can shake a foot with my betters; nay, at a *country-dance*, I'll turn my back neither to gentle nor simple.

If your Honour had heard the *high-fliers* he crammed my poor head with, all the while we were at it---the soft things he said, while we led out---the *wows* he made, as we handed up the middle---and  
the

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the tender oaths and *rodermuntadoes* he swore, while we right and left handed it, or cast off, and joined hands again---while at the same time the music struck up enough to melt one's heart---with candles lighted, and i' the summer-season---your Honour would not blame me so much for giving away my soul and body to the most *artfullest* of his *sect*.

In short, Sir, he talkt me over so finely about *this* and *that*, that before I left the room, and we broke up, I did not know whether I stood upon my head or my heels.

After dancing was over, and Mr. THOMAS and I had made ourselves all of a heat, or, as I remembers *he* called it, all of an *ardor*, we took a walk in the grove by the hall, to cool ourselves. And *there* he began to flourish it again---overpowered

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me with such an ocean of love-sayings, and, in short, talked so different from my old sweetheart ROGER DOUSIT, who is all dull and downright, as I may say, that I *declares* to your Honour, he at last made me think it would be a sin to refuse him; and so---God forgive me!---and so---

And so---you did *not* refuse, hey? Is that it?---

Here the poor girl drew out her handkerchief, and had sincerely a very great occasion for it.

She told me, in a tone, THORNTON, that touched me, that if, notwithstanding what THOMAS said, she had been wicked, she was a ruined woman, that was all--that it might do very well for *gentlefolks* to play false with one another, because *they* had got *wherewithal* to wash all white again;

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again; but that a black spot in a *poor* woman, who *pended* on her water---was never to be rubbed out:---that, moreover, the news had some-how got air, and she was pointed at by all the ill-natured fingers in the place. She said, with astonishing simplicity, that the man fairly *overfet* her with his new-fangled *gibberish*---but that she found 'twas all over with her. She added, that, for her own part, she did not so much mind it, as she could turn her hand to any-thing, and would leave the town in a twinkle; but that she had an old mother, that had been bedridden these eight months, who lived at FAIRFIELD, and who must now want bread as well as herself. Nay, for that matter, said the girl, she'll soon be provided for, if she hears of my slip, without troubling the parish; for I shall soon break her heart: I shall soon send my



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poor old mother out of the world; for she is a *good* woman, Sir, and would sooner bury me than see me what I am now. DOUSIT will turn up his nose at me *now*; and without your Honour makes Mr. THOMAS do me *justis*, so as that I may become honest again, and do it in the lawful way---God only knows what course I must take?

She now dropt her tears, THORNTON, as fast, to use the language of SHAKESPEARE,

“As the Arabian tree

“Its medicinal gum.”

At this very moment THOMAS came in with a message on which he had been-dispatched.

What is it, THORNTON, what cursed troublesome thing is it, at once invifible,  
and

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and audacious, that lodges in our bosoms beyond reach of our revenge, to make the stoutest of us children and cowards?

Never did GARRICK exhibit, or SHAKESPEARE describe, such a look, and attitude, as that of poor TOM at his entrance, on observing so unexpected an object.

He stammered, he staggered, he turned white, and attempted to retreat.

I commanded him to stay; and, taking my sword from the hook, gave him his choice, and one that might have puzzled a much wiser man---either to die or marry. Fear operated even so strong, as to make him chuse the latter.

He fell on his knees, and would have entered into explanations. I would not

hear them.—The ceremony that HAMLET uses with his quondam friends now passed between us, and I made them both swear upon my sword.

I promised them a dower---the woman was in extacy, and paid me, by such a look of gratitude, that, had REYNOLDS been there, he would have made the water-wench immortal by drawing it.

I am above altercation: of this THOMAS is aware. Nay, I believe, he likes the girl.—They shall be united as soon as possible: and what the devil can be the reason, that I am more happy in putting these two people together, than all the joys I ever tasted with the exquisite and yielding HARRIET, I cannot tell.

Were

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Were it not that I have contrived, as usual, to get HORACE out of the way, and that I never break an assignation, I should certainly avoid seeing *her*, or any body *else*, this evening. — Is not this unaccountable? But *so* it is.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

I 4 LET-



LETTER LII.

THORNTON to SEDLEY.

THE story of thy bath-maid interested me strangely; and I have felt the more pleasure in giving it a tear, because I perceive it hath penetrated even the almost invulnerable PHILIP SEDLEY.

But how thou art able to stand the shock of so many radiant eyes, and yielded charms,---wrapt round and round as thou art in the elysium of voluntary and voluptuous embraces---- a young fellow of spirit too----is, to *me*, most unaccountably mysterious.----In defiance of all the cautionary precepts of thy divine DORMER----in defiance of all empiricism----I  
should

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should certainly break out, and even at the risque of overturning the whole well-woven web of gallantry, dwindle into a downright inamurato, and quite lose the subtle distinction betwixt simulation and laudible insincerity.

And so thou hadst the supreme of transport, in uniting thy faithless footman to the beautiful bath-maid!

I'll tell thee what, SEDLEY,---thou art---(if thou wilt allow me for once the coinage of a new word)----thou art but half CHESTERFIELDED.---The impression made upon thee by the pale face of the conscious THOMAS---the pleasure thou hadst at wiping away the drops of penitence and perturbation from the cherry cheek of simplicity---and thy wishing to foliloquise, and be excused, even from the arms of the tempting and *married* HAR-

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RIET---are all symptoms totally *unflank-  
jean* (there's another word for thee).

Take care, SEDLEY : thou art upon the  
eve of a relapse---a relapse in favour, not  
of DORMER, but of down-right DOU-  
SIT'S single-dealing.

And yet, my friend, shall I once again  
confess to you my infirmity---my unesta-  
blishment in the maxims of thy Precep-  
tor ?---I cannot blame thy weakneses,  
nor can I---however destructive they may  
be to *thy* system---avoid wishing thou  
mayst continue thy present tendencies,  
especially as, by thy own honest confes-  
sion, thou hast found more gratification  
in them, than in supporting the toilsome  
task of eternal disingenuity.

Nor ought I, indeed, to *call* this a  
weakness in me. If to be happy is the  
ultima-

ultimatum of all earthly pursuits---if it is equally the effort of every different order of men, it assuredly follows, that *that* conduct is the most rational by which the greatest share of felicity is procured. The closest application of human wit and wisdom can do no more than point out to thee the most solid degree of joy, and it matters not whether that joy is obtained by the practice of *one* system or *another*.

The last action thou hast recorded (I allude to the promised nuptials of thy bath-maid) was evidently agreeable to the sentiments of SENECA, SOCRATES, and all the wise and good men both of the East and West; and since the precepts of STANHOPE have been unable to give thee a superior, or even an *equal* felicity, how proper and consistent with right reason is it in me, to advise thee to walk



in that path wherein thou hast found the most pleasure? Laugh not---ridicule not, I beseech thee: thou art not, I hope, so much a tool to the taste of the times---so much a dupe to prejudiced opinions---as to dislike even the balance of bliss which is now in thy favour, merely because the scale hath been turned by a worthy action—that would be insanity.

To love duplicity, and certain sophistical distinctions, merely for the sake of double-dealing, and when plain, clear, clean, uncrooked honesty will answer thy purpose much *better*, is at once ridiculous and diabolical.

On the whole, therefore, I advise thee, in the deliberation of my heart, to substitute the aforesaid SENECA, or some other systematical moralist, instead of STANHOPE; and to lay *him* quickly  
aside.

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aside in a corner of thy trunk, as unqualified to confer the comfort he professes to administer.

And, indeed, SEDLEY, to open my whole soul to thee, I must own thee; that I very much suspect his Lordship's sentiments. Even in my occasional dealings here in Town, since thy departure, I have not been able to make them bear the test quite to my satisfaction: such, especially, as relate to the seduction of the tender sex. I made a slight experiment, no longer ago than last night, of his most favourite maxim, namely, to taste the joys of *security*, mingled in embraces; and yet, though I do not think I conducted myself unadroitly, it did not altogether answer the satisfaction he predicted to result from it.

Thou art not a stranger to the elegancies

cies of SOPHIA VERNON, the new-married wife of the man whose promotion from ensign to lieutenant it was our joint endeavour, some time ago, to effect: his gratitude is still---“tremblingly alive all “o’er;” and, by a natural consequence, he is without the least tincture of suspicion, and esteems every instance of particular enquiry after his wife, or friend, as a mark of generosity in his benefactor.

This leaves the way to an intimacy with his SOPHIA fair and unobstructed; and she has already caught so much of the Lieutenant’s enthusiasm, that she pays me the tribute of a rosy-red blush of acknowledgment as often as I approach her. They have lately purchased a pretty cottage, amidst the vernal beauties of SURRY: it is surrounded by gardens, not *cittish*, but genteel: there are no nudities,

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ties, no monstrous urns, no fantastical fountains, no chubby cherubims, no tip-toed Mercury's, smirking Venusses, nor spruce holly-hedges: 'tis all "true Nature to advantage dressed;" the verdure is voluptuous, the flower-beds well weeded, the shrubbery gratefully shaded, and the alcove smiles upon the Thames.

Within this alcove I yesterday took the tea that was prepared by the hand of SOPHIA, whose husband had invited me pressing, to make the solitude of his lady more social by my company, as he was himself under the necessity of taking a journey into SUSSEX.

As you love brooks and books, hills and rills, my dear MR. THORNTON, said he, smilingly, you and SOPHY will be able to pass away your time to your mutual satisfaction, till the return of your friend.

Poor



Poor, unsuspecting pair !

They united their entreaties, and prevailed : Lieutenant VERNON set out, and left to thy friend (*in trust*) the most beautiful property upon the banks of the THAMES. In a word, he began his journey in the fragrant coolness of yesterday's evening, and I was left at full liberty to abuse the confidence he placed in my integrity, and, in return for his hospitality, do my utmost to destroy the chastity of *her*, whom he doats upon with the sincerest tenderness.

The tear which she dropt upon his hand as she kissed it, at parting, drew from him *another*, accompanied by such a look, as defies either tongue, pen, or pencil, and went at the time so close to my heart, that I could not but imagine the passion betwixt two, was more exquisite

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quisite than if it were divided betwixt two-and-twenty. One man and one woman, thought I, may certainly be happier than a Sultan; and I had rather possess the real, *undissimulated* love of a SOPHIA VERNON, than command the keys of the seraglio.

SOPHIA remained pensive, and sighed after the travelling Lieutenant.

I examined the little library for a book to entertain her. CHESTERFIELD was there, but I did not think it a proper book to read, as I would wish to keep the maxims as far out of the sight of a female as possible: for when a woman is *told the secret* of her seduction, she will naturally be upon her guard against the seducer; and, really, STANHOPE unfolds the art with such perspicuity, that she who runs may read; nay, even thy  
footman.

footman comprehends the whole system, and hath, according to thy account, ruined his woman with a very *tolerable address*.

By the by, SEDLEY, I have to accuse thee of two weak pieces of conduct. The first is, thy rashness in trusting the epistles of thy Preceptor to the flighty HARRIET, who might have heedlessly shewn them to HORACE, by which means (as thou art a very striking commentary upon the chapters of CHESTERFIELD) he would have had a clue to the original sources of thy present conduct; and a detection of this kind would have been totally insupportable. Thy other fault is, thy carelessness, and, I might say, want of policy, in exposing the volumes which thou so pretendest to venerate, to the plebeian eyes of thy *valet*. Lock them up, I pray thee, for the time to come; and if thou

thou art resolved to proceed in reducing them to practice, do it *privately*.

In regard to SOPHIA, my endeavours to divert her thoughts *from* the beloved subject of their contemplation, were in vain : the Lieutenant mingled in every idea, and she had passions, sighs, sentiments, and sensations, only for Mr. VERNON. I recited to her an elegy from HAMMOND, and she wept, in the sincerity of her heart, over images so amiable, and so similar to those now suggested by her *own* situation. I wished to divert her, by reading to her the oddities of corporal *Trim*, and uncle *Toby* : but she was in no disposition to be delighted with the whimsical strokes of a fine, but irregular wit. I even adverted to the irresistible sallies of HARRY FIELDING, and displayed to her the master-piece of narrative, in the laughable



able scene of Parson ADAMS pursued by the hounds and hunters. She was proof even against this, and afforded it only a faint smile. She then tried what a walk in the garden would do : she criticised the colours of the tulips, and descanted with moral delicacy on the pleasing progress of vegetable Nature ; but, alas ! even here a sigh would break in upon her remark, and very evidently convince me, that Pope was not so romantic in the pastoral sentiment, which observes, “ Absence is surely death to those who love.” In short, SEDLEY, whatever might be the temptation before me, and however assiduous I was to gratify it, it was not now the moment to begin the attack ; and every - thing I said, only served to shew me more plainly, that, if I would wish to please her, it must be by talking warmly of a man, whom it was my interest to wean from her affections.

tions. Perceiving this, I gave way to sympathy, and most cordially united *my* tears to *hers*, and joined in the most animated encomiums on her happy Lieutenant. These tears, however, SEDLEY, and those praises, gave me a soothing softness not to be described, and made me feel a thousand times more agreeable than while I repressed them, in the hope of turning my thoughts to the husband's dishonour, and the wife's destruction. Is not this, SEDLEY, a parallel case to that of thine? If thou wert more happy at doing a *just* action to thy bath-maid, than at an *unjust* one, by *undoing* the lively HARRIET; I am more happy at having conquered an inclination, which would have tormented my own fancy, tortured a "generous, trusting friend," and agonized the bosom of a woman, whose reputation is at present unsuspected, and unpolluted.

Hence,

Hence then, my dear SEDLEY, it appears, that we are now both exulting in the triumph of a similar sensation---a sensation created by the social virtues, and derived purely from the felicity of others. Upon this subject I have but one point to observe: it is, to *continue* the triumph. Let us even cherish a transport, which is superior to any that dissimulation can give: let us throw away the perplexing mask of the casuistical CHESTERFIELD: let us walk in the *right* way, and since it hath already *rewarded* us so well, let us prefer truth to falsehood, and honesty to hypocrisy: for, believe me, my dear, dear SEDLEY, under whatever name we may distinguish vice and virtue, they remain eternally the same, and neither sophistry, nor subtlety, nor fashion, nor the sanctified follies of the mode, can possibly palliate the atrociousness of the one, or detract from the native excellence of the other. PENMEN may puzzle, PHILOSOPHERS

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PHILOSOPHERS may refine, POETS may colour, and visionaries may suggest as they please, but, while the traces of Nature remain, virtue will be fair, and vice deformed; and, in my opinion, that man's maxims are extremely contradictory and fallible, who, in the *same volume*, nay, sometimes in the *same epistle*, inculcates a delicate regard to *moral* character, and an attack upon those human *weaknesses*, from the humouring of which (assisted by a proper mixture of well-applied flattery) we are to prey upon each other, to prepare ourselves for deceit, and, if the system were general, introduce, by these means, even while we sanctify them, the most dangerous delusions. For my part, SEDLEY, I tell thee again, and again, that I find a flaw in thy STANHOPE, and shall read him, for the future, with the eye of a severe critic, and not an idolater—not a PHILIP SEDLEY.

Farewel.

J. THORNTON.



LETTER LII.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

*(Prior to his Receipt of the last Letter.)*

THE ceremony has been performed. I insisted on its being done in the face of the congregation, I gave THOMAS a purse for his wedding-dinner, and so the poor wench is again made an honest woman.

Never heard I panegyrics more warm or better circulated than those reverberated from lip to lip upon this occasion ; and I could almost bless the fellow for a debauchery, that hath added such lustre to my character. I am the very ballad of the

the bath ; and the negligence which I seem to pay to the praises, only serves to increase, and make me appear more deserving of them. But what a simpleton I was, in yielding to the baby sensation which seized me unawares in my last. To do good is, indeed, *pleasing*, and I will on that principle continue to do it as occasion invites ; but Is there not an higher motive, thou wilt say, than this?---Is there not *religion*? Pshaw!-----

Yes, pious THORNTON, there is a higher motive. It flatters the senses, it gratifies vanity, it procures *eclat*, it promotes conquest, it extends our triumph over a sex that was born for our amusement.—The trifling action just recorded, backed by a few more that I have not patience to recite, hath made me so popular amongst all ranks of people in this village, from my Lady in her bathing-shift, to her at-

tendants of the towel, that I defy any thing but my own folly to mark me as an object of suspicion.

I have established my reputation, THORNTON, upon the solid basis of virtuous actions; I have decorated the superstructure, with the graces of conduct; and now, no man will dare to imagine this goodly edifice is but a *whitened* sepulchre. Possibly thou mayst imagine, that I have earned my pleasures by difficult adoption of the STANHOPEAN system. No, THORNTON, I have a taste for them. I do not “inflict excesses upon myself, “because I think them genteel,” but I find these pursuits “guard me against “frivolousness,” and prevent me “from “throwing away upon trifles, that time, “which only important things deserve.” In a word, I tell thee once more, I view the Lord of my Idolatry only as a man  
more

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more skilled than myself, in the arts of being *truly* happy : and in this light he deserves my everlasting gratitude ; for he hath taught me “ to make every place  
“ I go to, the scene of quick and lively  
“ transports ; to let every company I  
“ frequent, gratify my *passions* ; to know  
“ the true value of time ; and to snatch,  
“ seize, and *enjoy* every moment of it.”

Of this enough : the remainder of my letter shall be dedicated to the delicious purpose of recording several events, which have fallen out, by the joint effort of destiny and contrivance, since my last.

I have had a second glance at the delicate but decaying features of FANNY. Tempted by the cheerfulness of the morning, she ventured, under the supporting arms of a husband, and sister, to walk from her lodgings to the bathing-house.



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She saw me, but drew away her eye, and never directed it towards me again. Her husband bowed to me, as to the polite stranger, who had interested himself so much in the welfare of his beloved : the sister inclined her head, and curtesied *more* than civilly---it was the bend, rather of attention, than ceremony.

At this moment, many a lank-haired swain, yet humid with the bath, and a cluster of women, still glowing from the immersion, appeared in view. They were instantly attracted by the meteor, gazed, envied, and passed on. Well, indeed, *might* they gaze---well might they envy, THORNTON : the rose again emulates the lilly, in her cheek ; the blue is like the blue of the elements ; her arm, is animated alabaster ; and the hand, to which it belongs, is shaped to *inspire* by its appearance, and *enfever* by its touch.

After

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After this, as she was preparing to return, a servant came hastily to inform Mr. MORTIMER, that Sir HENRY DELMORE was arrived. They quickened their pace a little; even FANNY attempted to step briskly, but failed in the effort. The good Baronet was impatient, and (eager to behold his children) came forward in his boots to meet them.

Oh, THORNTON, what a figure!--how noble! how venerable! how fashionable! —But, alas! all surprizes, even those of the most pleasing kind, are too much for the feeble situation of FANNY. Her father soon saw her confusion, softened it by a paternal kiss, and assisted in conducting her home to her lodgings. In something less than an hour, I received the inclosed; which is the luckiest incident in the world to me, and which, by

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the time this reaches you, I hope to improve to *some purpose*.

HARRIET HOMESPUN is fonder of me, and better bred to HORACE, than ever. She has a wonderful aptitude to learn, and will in time be, no doubt, a female STANHOPE. What a lucky thing it is for us, that HORACE hath so great an appetite for a long walk by himself after dinner! and how infinitely *is* he, and indeed *ought* he to be, obliged to me, for administering so much consolation to his wife in his absence!

Surely, THORNTON, there is nothing so grateful as serving a friend.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LET-

LETTER LIV.

Sir HENRY DELMORE to PHILIP SED-  
LEY, Esq;

*(Inclosed in the above.)*

Sir,

I AM made truly happy, at least  
as much so as the present situation of my  
family will admit, to hear that I am again  
likely to be honoured by the company of  
a gentleman, to whose society I am al-  
ready indebted for so much pleasure. It  
is no small addition, Sir, to this pleasing  
expectation, to find that the many friend-  
ly enquiries that have from time to time  
K 4 been



been made, concerning the health of my poor FANNY, proceeded from the very man to whom the father of that beautiful invalid owed so many agreeable hours at SCARBOROUGH.

But how ceremonious was it, Mr. SEDLEY, that you should all this while have estranged yourself, and appeared only in the light of a person interested in the fate of the sick, but not allied to the parent of that dear unfortunate, by any closer or warmer reciprocations of a former friendship?

I know, for my part, of but one way to excuse this punctilious behaviour, and that is, your embracing the first hour of your leisure to join your hand with that of, Sir,

Your most obedient,  
and most humble servant,

H. DELMORE.

LETTER LV.

*The Reverend* HORACE HOMESPUN *to*  
*Doctor* DIGGORY.

Dear Doctor,

**W**HAT can possibly be the reason of your so long silence? I now want your advice on a momentous subject.

The time of my sojourning at this watering-place is expired, my curacy can no longer be deserted, and I must return to it at all events on Saturday, or the duty of the Sabbath must be neglected.

Notwithstanding this, Mrs. HOMESPUN

K 5

again

again complains of her ankle, and says the anguish of it is now got higher than her knee; and she is, therefore, resolved to undergo the operation of pumping upon the part affected, by which means I shall be obliged to leave her behind, or else bring her away much against her own choice; which, notwithstanding my want of faith as to the knee and ankle, I do not think myself entitled to do, seeing that she hath demeaned herself most cordially. The fact is, she is quite in love with the frivolous pleasures of this puerile place, in which, were it not for the instructive and entertaining conversations of my friend SEDLEY, I should not be able to support its customs. As my wife, however, seems resolved, I have thought of an expedient to supply my absence for a few days longer. HARRIET hath a friend in our neighbourhood---a Mrs. LA MOTTE---who is a very discreet, sensible, and

and judicious widow-woman, and who, I am persuaded, will not only do me the service of passing a few days at the bath, but likewise urge all the arguments of which she is mistress, to wean the affections of her friend from this circle of vanity, and reduce her once more to the standard of common-sense, and the serene pleasures of a country-village.

I want your council, my dear DOCTOR, on the following subject. *Mr. SEDLEY* has applied in my favour to the Bishop of —, respecting the living of —, which is worth near 200*l.* per annum. *Mr. SEDLEY* is in hourly expectation of a reply to this, and I am already so overwhelmed with the kindnesses of this worthy gentleman, (who hath done them in a manner peculiar to his character,) that I am in doubt whether I ought to increase a debt it will be ever beyond my

K 6

ability



ability to discharge. HARRIET'S little fortunes, united to the profits of my curacy, are sufficient to the purposes of a contented mind. My parsonage, you know, DOCTOR, is in the very bosom of a beautiful wood, through which I have been accustomed to ramble with a social classic in my hand ; my parishioners love me ; the little garden is of my own cultivation ; I turned the arch, and twisted the woodbines around my bower with my own fingers ; the birds are protected, and nest with me in perfect security ; and if I could but once make HARRIET in love with it again, I believe I should not quit it without a sigh. But one circumstance weighs with me. I have the dear prospect of a successor : to *it* I owe an interest I should not feel for myself. HARRIET is very far advanced in her pregnancy. A child, my dear friend, enlarges the wishes of a father : a tear is ready to

fall

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fall on my letter, as I *think* upon the increase of my family. To his offspring a man owes every thing. Tell me then, dear DIGGORY, what I must do.

Farewel.

I am yours,

HORACE HOMESPUN.

LETTER

## LETTER LVI.

SEDLLEY to THORNTON.

**T**HE plot begins to thicken, and the catastrophe only demands good contrivance to be made delightful. HORACE HOMESPUN goes away from the bath to-day, in order to mount the rostrum, and preach up the good old cause to-morrow; HARRIET will be all this evening with me alone, left wholly to my kindness; and, to crown the whole, the scheme is at last laid to bring the haughty-hearted LA MOTTE within the reach of my machinations. If there needs any further addition to these felicities, know, THORNTON, that I am hand and glove with Sir HENRY DELMORE, and hand and heart, I shall

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shall soon be, with FANNY MORTIMER ; the enchanting DELIA looks not with eye inverted, and MORTIMER himself hath made advances to intimacy. Under these circumstances thou wilt not expect that I can attend to thy long epistolary sermon, which I herewith re-inclose thee for a present to the parson of thy parish, against the death of Mrs. ARABELLA, thy grandam, when it will afford many admirable hints for the funeral oration of that pious and puritanical old lady.

Whenever thou sendest such a string of common-place proverbs, depend upon receiving them *again*, and always with the charge of double postage. So take the hint, and thank me for the warning.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LET-



## LETTER LVII.

*Miss* DELIA DELMORE, to *Lady* LUCY  
SAXBY.

WHAT an additional degree of happiness do I feel, since I last wrote to my beloved *Lady* LUCY? My father is arrived, my sister is recovering, and we are become acquainted with a man whose company is at once pleasing, instructive, and various. The very gentleman, my dear LUCY, who hath so frequently sent his polite cards of enquiry concerning FANNY, proves to be a man of birth, rank, and character, and well-known both to *Sir* HENRY, and *Mr.* MORTIMER, when they were last season at the bath of SCARBOROUGH. He is  
the

the most well-bred and complaisant character in the world, and has, at the first interview, all the ease, firmness, and unembarrassed air of an old acquaintance. The assured, yet modest manner with which he presents himself to a company, shews plainly that he has been long accustomed to fashionable societies, and would charm you. If FANNY continues to recover, we shall be once more a joyful family---my mother is also down with us.

We have taken part of a very elegant house, only a short ride from the company, about three miles distant from Buxton, and it stands upon a spot infinitely less bleak and barren than the uncomfortable-looking mountains that surround the bath. I received the welcome epistle, dear Lucy, in which you enjoin me to fill up the interval of absence, in a correspondence of wisdom, wit, sentiment, and

and affection : but does not my fair friend forget that the requisites to form and to continue such an intercourse, are not at the command of every scribbler, though the partiality of Nature, and the polish of high-breeding, may confer them on herself? However, since you are so earnest with me, I will pour out my soul imperfectly upon paper, and though I may be wanting in point of elegance, or accuracy, the deficiencies will be compensated by a frankness of mind, and an undisguise of sentiment, that will pay a better compliment to my LUCY's candour, than all that could possibly be bestowed by the flowers of rhetoric, or colourings of the imagination.

I the more readily yield to your urgencies, my LUCY, as my pen, at this period, can only be the intelligencer of a felicity at once virtuous and endearing.

It

It is said, indeed, that mankind have always some fantastical and visionary scheme in view. I declare to you, Lady SAXBY, that the perfect restoration of FANNY'S health is the only drop that could now be added to the cup of our domestic joy. Judge yourself! for the visible alteration of Mrs. MORTIMER for the better, hath put me into such spirits, that I cannot restrain my gratitude to the dear personages by which those spirits are inspired. Take then, my beloved LUCY, the sketch of a family-picture, drawn (and yet not partially) by the pencil of a relation.

The first, and principal figure in this group is, a father, whose mind is the repository of every virtue---a repository in which he has been, from hour to hour, in the career of almost threescore years, laying up something valuable, till he hath at length stored it with every excellence;  
with



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with all, Lucy, that can give worth to the husband, softness to the parent, solidity to the friend, benevolence to the neighbour, and humanity to the man: to which is added, a universal attention to the wants, and complaints, the fortunes, and morals of that prodigious body of men to which he is related only by sameness of species, and the conscious ties of the christian and fellow-creature.

The second leading object in the piece is a mother, the model of her husband; and differing only, by adapting the manly virtues to a delicacy more consistent with the refinement and gentleness of the female character, and nature.

The third figure, to which I would direct your observation, is, the still lovely **FANNY MORTIMER**,—a woman whom even the depredations of four lingering months

months, passed in the languors of sickness, have not rendered unattracting. To a spirit at once wise and worthy, she superadds the finest politeness, gentleness uncommon, and meekness peculiar to her: and to these, again, are joined a taste elegant and simple---an understanding enlarged and cultivated,---and a face, in defiance of distemper, in which Heaven seems to have painted an attribute in every feature: her eye sparkles benignity, her lips are the temples of truth, her cheeks are the emblems of modesty veiled in roses, and her hands were formed by the Graces to the best of purposes----to charm, by their liberality, the wretched into peace, and to be (consistently with their colour) the pure and beautiful stewards of a heart tender as a turtle's, yet solid as a sage's.

The husband of this enchanting creature, is the brother of Lady SAXBY, the  
very

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very counter-part of his sister, and the very youth whom Sir HENRY DELMORE adopted as the child of his affection, undertook for several years the direction of his education, supplied the loss of a father, trained him up for his own, and at last gave him, all-accomplished, to the only woman that could deserve him---his *daughter*. His character is recorded in most of the European courts; and it is but a mere reverberation of a familiar echo for *me* to say, that he has been every where distinguished, for bravery without rashness, honour without ancestral pride, elegance without vanity, affection without interestedness, and generosity without ostentation.

Such, Lucy, are the outlines of a picture now under the eye of your friend. Your absence, however, and FANNY's uncertain state of health, are the two dark clouds

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clouds that overcast my otherwise radiant horizon.

In some measure, however, to atone for these indispenfible drawbacks, I can now promise an often-repeated intercourse, in which, through the kind medium of the post, our pleasures, with those of our families, shall be reciprocated---But---in the name of extravagance, where am I rambling---and what a metaphorical rhapsody am I going to send? Let me hasten then to assure you, that in all dispositions of mind, I am, with a tenderness peculiar to the truth of my attachment,

Your affectionate,

DELIA DELMORE.

LETTER



## LETTER LVIII.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

THE Fates, surely, are busied in contriving matters precisely as I would have them.

The DELMORE'S are removed to a villa at some distance from BUXTON, by which means I shall be able to prevent opposite interests from clashing with each other.—I prithee, THORNTON, mark my policy, to which I have, even at the age of thirty, sacrificed my *passion*. Knowing the little scandals and fugitive whispers of a watering-place, I practised upon myself the STANHOPEAN self-denial, and have not been a single minute alone with HAR-

RIET

HARRIET since the departure of HORACE. I contrive to call in, either the loquacious landlord, or chattering landlady, and only conversed, in their own way, upon topics too trivial to send thee one hundred and sixty miles ; but which answered very well my purpose : for, strange as it may seem to thee, I hold it not good policy, or right reason, to have a *tete-a-tete* with a wife, when her husband is *known* to have left the town ; nor am I very well pleased with the incautious HARRIET, for suffering herself to be deserted, and exposed to the report, and *murder* of the moment ; for in these places, where detraction is a *necessary* filler-up of the vacuum,

“ At ev’ry word a reputation dies.”

And I would not be thought a libertine, either in thought, word, or deed, for the universe. ’Tis expressly, and flagrantly,

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against

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against my system, which, thou knowest, places the very perfection of human nature, and the height of human abilities, in “being upon our *own* guard, and yet, by a *seeming* natural openness, to put people *off theirs*.”

Now, in cases of amour, it is, in conformity to this principle, absolutely necessary, that a husband should be upon the premises, though not upon the spot; otherwise there is no possibility of avoiding mystery; and mystery occasions suspicion, and suspicion opens a door to detection, and detection ruins me for ever. The ordinary rake, thou knowest, piques himself upon this, nay, circulates it at the expence of his truth:

“He talks of transports that he never knew,

“And fancies raptures that he never felt.”

But

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But the pupils of CHESTERFIELD are not such "rude, vain-glorious boasters." They are to preserve their moral sanctity, even in the midst of (what gownsmen call) violation, not only of good report, but, like the purity of Cæsar's wife, unsuspected.

Oh ! may this ingenuity and well-acted dissimulation ever keep me from being blown upon ; and, to this end, may I never withdraw the dear veil that keeps me *apparently* pure, one moment from my heart ! May I ever possess the ingenuous exterior, with the reserved interior ; may I never reject, as troublesome, or useless, the mastery of my temper ; and, above all other things, may I always possess myself enough to hear, and see, every thing, without any visible change of countenance ! May no man living ever be able to decypher the secret of *my* heart ; and yet, may

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I keep



I keep the key of every *other* heart in the universe : and, to conclude my prayer, let Hypocrisy place before me her shield, under which I may fight my foolish antagonist, for ever guarded, and for ever victorious !

And indeed, THORNTON, I perceive, the adroiteſt practice of theſe ſeveral points, ſuggeſted by the matchleſs DORMER, will be ſhortly neceſſary, for never did I enter ſo ſagacious, or ſo uniformly amiable a family as that of the DELMORES.

The principal of it (Sir HENRY) is ſo acute, ſo adorned, ſo read, ſo experienced, that *he* muſt, I perceive, be deceived with a delicacy even beyond the deceptions of Belial : and I wonder I did not lay myſelf open to diſcovery when at SCARBOROUGH, at a time that I was a novice in  
the

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the ways of STANHOPE, and could not be supposed to *copy him, liberally*. But, my good genius preserved me, and I engaged the hand of the father, and struck hard upon the tender heart of his daughter.

Then there's a formidable husband in my way---no HORACE HOMESPUN---but a man of travel, experience, taste---A second sister, too---the lively DELIA---a wit, a corresponder, a perfect pen-woman; and, to close the list, a venerable matron---wife---virtuous---penetrating---the lady president of this bewitching association.

What of that? If they are not versed (as I *believe* they are not) in my maxims, I may be a match for all of them: pass like a meteor through this difficult hemisphere---kindle as I go---and dread no radiant competitor.

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As

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As to **HARRIET**---the affair is over: nothing is left even for the exercise of my talents: the precept by which I obtained her, has been successful in practice: all that remains, is **ITERATION**. Her fondness grows luxuriant, and she may betray me. To confess the truth, **THORNTON**---I am indifferent to her, and I wish **HORACE** had her, locked in his arms to eternity, with all my soul.

At all events, she must not entertain such ardent expectations---for---I am summoned elsewhere---a scene of greater difficulty, greater delicacy, and greater delight, expands itself before me---the half-conquered---half-expiring **FANNY MORTIMER**, who must not descend unenjoyed by **SEDLEY** to the earth---The worm, **THORNTON**, must not be suffered to riot on her beauties: 'twould be a pity---a profanation!

tion! The exquisite and vivacious DELIA, also, attracts my notice. I am called to the combat, and I must exert every nerve to *triumph* in the combat, of which the laurels will be trebly precious, since I perceive they must be earned with all the artillery of manner, address, and assurance.

In pursuance of these objects, I shall probably be often animated into the *wish* of enjoyments, that, it may be impolitic, to push *too far*, till every thing is ripe for the *coup de grace*.

In such exigences, it is difficult to keep the rein in my hand: the warmth of imagination, and an acquaintance with objects, and situations, calculated to fire it, seem inconsistent with the necessary coolness, and command of my temper.



To provide, therefore, against these moments of ardour, I shall, if LA MOTTE comes down, retain the enamoured HARRIET in my train, as the agreeable resource from the agitations in which it is likely I shall be thrown by the charms, delays, or impediments, of the DELMORES. Possibly, too, something may fall out to reduce LA MOTTE, which, be her personal endowments what they may, is desirable; because she is prepared to suspect my principles, and therefore will engage my more serious attention, till she shall have little reason to ridicule or laugh at her friend.

But, on the other hand, if this LA MOTTE does *not* move at the injunction of HORACE, nor at the pretended penitence of the letter-loving HARRIET, and, by these means, HARRIET should be left

to

to herself, she must absolutely return to the bosom of the poor pedant, and I will assuredly sacrifice the possession of her person to the unblemished security of *my* character, which, I am aware, must inevitably suffer by being avowedly the Cicisbeo of a wife little distinguished amongst the bathers and water-bibbers of fashion.

If, indeed, she had been blessed with a fallow damsel for a sister, or a prudent gentlewoman for her aunt, it might have been another matter : but I again repeat it to you, that, in a place like this, in this sneaking, inquisitive country of Britain, it is, to all intents and purposes, requisite, for the security of my system, that there should be some third person in a family, by way of screen ; and rather than have our mistresses alone, that is, unprotected by some ostensible he, or she,  
that

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that is answerable for them in the parish where they visit, or where they reside, it is better for *our* plan of action, that we are sheltered under the withered wing of a maiden cousin of a century's standing, or even of the great-grandmother herself.

And now, THORNTON, for a word or two on thy own affairs. If thou hast not, by this time, surmounted the ticklings of thy conscience, and taken possession of that tender tenement, which thy friend the Lieutenant left to thee, thou deservest to be for ever discarded.

What! Hast thou an angel in "earth's mould?" Is she in a wilderness of sweets? Art thou invited by a bed of roses? Art thou neither in fear of being blasted by detection, nor of incurring the prattle of a single gossip of either sex, (seeing that  
thou

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thou art in a retirement perfectly shaded by a shrubbery of perfumes, and apart from a second house), and Is the good man of the house gone a long journey into a far country?---Is all this in the way of propitiating thy advances, masked, as I presume they would be, in the fine veil of modesty, manner, and firmness, *each* (like co-partners, whose interest it is to promote common-right in the same business) assisting the *other*? and Dost thou, after all, boggle at a shadow---a maukin---at conscience?

Admitting even all thy wishes crowned with success---where's the mischief? Thou dost not despoil her: the Lieutenant is ignorant of what is granted, as of what was never attempted. The STANHOPE scheme of fruition suffers us not to do any *real* injury to individuals *singly*, or to the community



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munity collectively ; we are neither to betray the wife, nor to call the husband the cuckold we have had the honour to make him, nor to breathe an accent that may lead to the remotest suspicion. In some cases, THORNTON, this system is of the utmost service (under the STANHOPEAN restrictions, I mean) both to our King, and country.

How many puny striplings are there who cannot do the common rights of nuptial justice to the unhappy creatures that either interest, or folly, has chained them to for life ? In that instance, it is ours to bestow as a *favour*, what the husbands cannot discharge as a *duty*.

On the other hand, how many miserable pairs are there, fighting for an heir to an unweildy estate, which must, in default of  
issue,

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issue, devolve to the next fool or driveller in descent? There again *we* are patriots of the first order: Do we not provide a successor, and create a being to inherit all the luxuries of life?

Nay, even supposing the husband enabled to provide for himself: while our system dictates so inviolable a *secrecy*, while the joys of it are not invaded by *distemper* (and they can never be granted without the prior consent of the wife---and such consent implies that such variety is necessary to her happiness)---no injury can, in effect, be incurred. His *own* offspring we cannot destroy; and *ours* will be considered as legitimate, and not be exposed, like the by-blows of the rake, to the scorn, desertion, and ill-fortunes of bastardy. So that, view the system of CHESTERFIELD on which side soever you will,

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will, it is a system of policy, prudence, pleasure, good-fellowship, and right reason.

Great length of paper, and much time, have I stolen from more agreeable pursuits, to illustrate this to thee: and if it move thee not, thou art altogether impenetrable, and not deserving so sublime a friend as the *immaculate*

PHILIP SEDLEY.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.

